

Impossible And We Both Know It.

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Impossible And We Both Know It.

by [Neliel135](#)

Summary

He should have fought harder that night, should have prevented this from ever happening.

It was all his fault.

Karma for his misdeeds.

Chapter 1

Lucerys laid in bed like a corpse the whole night.

The morning light had made its way through the dark curtains in his room sometime ago, signalling the end of the night.

It took a long time, he thinks, or maybe his perception of time was skewed, considering the fact that each minute, each second felt much longer than it usually did.

He supposed that is what time slowing down feels like, the gods truly must want him to suffer.

It was karma, it was his own misdeeds coming for him.

A repaid debt.

He hadn't slept a single minute the whole night, spending his time beneath his covers, trying to find a comfortable position that didn't make him scream out in agony.

His hours had been the same since the last two months.

Ever since that wretched night he allowed himself to be taken and defiled like a fool.

But alas, his efforts were in vain, how could he free himself from the pain with how permanent it felt.

He missed the days he was healthy and strong, the days he took for granted.

The days the bite on his neck didn't fight against him, making him feel lonely, his omega nature turning into an enemy he couldn't stand against.

He missed the days he spent at school, his largest worries being whether or not he could make it to class on time, whether or not he would score well on his next test.

He was a highschooler, for fuck's sake.

He shouldn't be living this life.

This life which was full of taking painkillers and suppressants, making visits to the doctors who prodded his body in a way he never appreciated.

Always making diagnosis after diagnosis of how unhealthy he was without the company of his alpha, about how close he was to dying, or withering away at a moment's notice.

He let out another groan as the bite on his neck throbbed in pain again, always insistent on making itself aware of its presence.

Of *his* presence.

Of what *he* had done to him.

Of how he had used his alpha command, his nature, his strength in a way no one ever should.

His body jolted when the door to his room was knocked.

He only answered in a short groan, not wanting to talk or speak with anyone.

The door opened to reveal his mother, Rhaenyra Targaryen.

There was pity in her eyes as she looked at him, and after all, why wouldn't there be?

"Yes?", he finally asked after enduring a few moments of her staring at him with that gaze he couldn't stand.

"I...", she fiddled with her fingers looking down, "We have to leave soon, it would look bad if we wasted the court's time."

He closed his eyes.

That's right, that was today.

He had completely forgotten about it.

Though he shouldn't, his fate would be decided today.

He sat up in bed, though he had no wish to.

Looking up at her again.

She attempted a smile, it came out wry and unsure.

"I prepared your clothes already, something formal."

Lucerys nodded.

"Thank you, mom."

His mother sighed.

"J-Just make sure you take your pills and..." she pointed towards his bedside, "make sure you wear that."

He followed her gaze to see the leather collar- that hideous collar that he hated with a passion.

It was only a reminder of the shame he had suffered, a reminder of that night he desperately wanted to forget.

He wanted to burn it, throw it out of his window, chuck it into a black hole from where it could never be recovered.

Instead, he settled for nodding his head in obedience.

His mother left without saying anything else and he finally got up off the bed.

Taking those damn pills, gulping down water before their bitter taste remained on his tongue, swallowing them down like he swallowed everything else these days.

His shame, his mortification, his dignity- which was lost in a way it could never be recovered again.

The shower he took was careful and slow, making sure to avoid any sort of liquid touching the wound on his neck, it had to be kept sterilized at all times.

The chance of it getting infected was higher than ever in his circumstances.

The number of times he had properly cleaned himself could be counted on the back of his hand.

He didn't feel like remaining clean anymore, or taking care of his hygiene, he always felt dirty no matter how many times he scrubbed at his skin.

No matter how much his flesh turned red from the steaming hot water of the shower.

He took care of his neck next, slowly taking off the patch surrounding it, applying ointment like he had been instructed to.

Though everyone knew well it didn't do shit.

He reapplied a fresh patch, covering it back up, adding an extra layer with the collar which had been his closest company for the last two months.

He didn't look at the mirror after he dressed himself, only running a brush haphazardly through his damp curls.

He didn't want to look pretty or beautiful, looking presentable was more than enough.

Appearing desirable was what had gotten him into this mess in the first place.

Once he made his way downstairs, he found his mother and Daemon sitting by the table-both dressed in business formal- with worried expressions on their faces.

His step-father was looking at papers as his mother looked busy with something on her phone.

There was no food, the chattering of children he had heard an hour ago was gone, Egg and Vis must have already left for school.

The grimness never left their system these days.

He had already caused so much trouble for them.

His poor parents.

He cleared his throat and they turned their heads towards him in unison, like owls who had been compelled by his voice alone.

“I’m ready.”, he declared in a small voice, straightening the tie of his suit one last time.

“Would you like something to eat? I could make you some eggs or...”

He only shook his head at his mother’s suggestion, he didn’t have an appetite.

And he didn't want to throw up later on, which he suspected he might.

His mother smiled- at least she tried- as she made his way over to him, reaching a hand out.

He stepped back before she could.

He didn’t want to be touched; he didn’t want another person’s hands on him.

He had always been clingy in his childhood, preferring no other form of affection than physical touches.

Hugs, kisses, he liked them all.

But now they only served to remind him of that nightmare again.

His mother got the signal and stopped in her tracks, nodding at him assuredly.

“Don’t worry about anything,” she assured, “Daemon will take care of it, just say ‘present’ to the judge when he calls your name, all right?”

He looked towards the table to see his step-father smiling at him, providing comfort in the best way he knew how.

He trusted him, he was one of the best lawyers in Kings Landing.

Lucerys nodded, an ugly feeling gnawing at him.

Though he couldn’t say why.

**

The car ride to the court house was quiet, the roads were full of traffic, but they arrived there in record time with Daemon’s reckless driving.

His mother sat beside him in the back seat, forgoing the passenger seat beside her husband.

He supposed she thought him fragile, that he would break at any moment and that she would need to be as close as she can to pick up the pieces.

He caught Daemon looking at him, stealing glances through the rearview mirror once or twice, but he didn't pay attention to it.

Distracting himself by looking out the window, trying his best to take in the sights of the city he hadn't seen the past two months he had spent like a hermit in his bed

His dread only increased once the car was parked outside the court house.

Daemon turned around from the driver seat, meeting his eyes.

“Ready kiddo?”

He nodded his head for the umpteenth time as they walked out.

His parents marched in front of him, shielding him as they made their way through the long hallway.

His face grimaced once he felt the mark throbbing again.

Curse those painkillers, he had already developed an immunity to them, they didn't work like they used to.

The amount of time they kept his wound numb kept decreasing and decreasing.

Or maybe there was an entirely different reason he felt this way.

Maybe it was because his whole being knew that *he* would be there.

He swallowed once they reached the door to their assigned court room.

Amond would be there on the other side.

He hadn't seen him since that night.

What would he look like?

Would he meet his eyes?

Would he smile at the damage he had caused him?

Would he enjoy his destroyed state?

After all, all of this was for his amusement, wasn't it?

Revenge for the eye he gouged out as children.

A repaid debt.

But none of that happened, and despite his mother's assurances, there *was* something to worry about.

As he was about to discover.

Aemond and Alicent were already sat on the chairs once they made their way inside, their lawyer beside them as he prepared and looked over the papers, like Daemon had been this morning.

He stole a fleeting glance at his uncle, and well, he looked fine.

He looked unaffected as he sat there in his black suit and black eye-patch, looking like the harbinger of death and destruction and everything wrong in this world.

He really didn't realise until two months ago as to how right he was about that thought of his.

The judge looked over the documents before speaking. He was an old man, white hair and in constant need of his glasses which looked straight from the eighties.

Seven help him.

"So, regarding Case Number.5879, are both the participants present?", the judge squinted his eyes in an attempt to see better, "Lucerys Velaryon?"

He stood up as on command, he already knew what to do.

"Present.", he squeaked out, glad that his voice didn't crack at the one task he was responsible for today.

"Your guardians?", the judge asked again and his mother stood up.

"Present."

He only sat down once his mother urged him to and Daemon nodded at him.

"And the other party, Aemond Targaryen."

He saw the alpha's clad in black figure stand up from his periphery.

"Present."

The voice sent a jolt through him before he could help himself, he clasped his hands together, taking a deep breath.

I'm fine, I'm fine, I'm fine.....

"So," the judge set the papers down, "if I am correct, this is about the custody of the omega who was mistakenly claimed two moons ago?"

the lawyer on the opposing side stood up, ready to make his argument but Daemon beat him to it.

“By all means, your honour, the minor’s custody should belong to his parental figure, there is no reason to hand him over to an alpha who we doubt would have his best interests at heart.”

It always amazed him how capable Daemon looked when he practised his lawyer skills.

He didn’t have anything to worry about.

“Mr. Aemond *does* have Mr. Lucerys’ best interests at heart,” the opposing lawyer quipped and he felt uneasy, “if anything, it is your guardian who is putting the boy’s life in danger.”

Daemon chuckled without mirth.

“You mean his mother who has spent his whole life caring for him?”

“His mother’s care is simply no longer enough,” the lawyer argued, turning his attention towards the judge, “Your honour, if I may direct your attention to the medical records, which prove without doubt that the minor has not healed in the past two months and there is even at a risk of his condition being fatal if he is deprived of the proper attention from his alpha.”

He looked at his mother, the pit in his stomach growing larger.

What the fuck?

“Those documents are private,” Daemon said with a certain anger in his voice, “you had no right snooping around—”

“We had *every* right, Mr. Targaryen, my client was simply concerned for the well being of his mate.”

The word mate made him angry.

Made him seethe.

They weren’t mates.

They were the farthest things from what one would call mates.

He didn’t choose this.

“All right, that’s enough,” the judge interjected, taking a few moments to look at the documents, then turning his attention towards Daemon, “Mr. Targaryen, are these records true? Has the boy’s bite not healed?” he looked at the papers again, “From what I can see here, his condition is deteriorating instead of getting better.”

“Yes, your honour,” the annoying lawyer spoke up again, “which is why the best course of action would be to hand over Mr. Velaryon’s custody to Mr. Aemond.”

His eyes widened, surely, they wouldn’t separate him from his mother, his family.

Would they?

He looked towards his uncle, who looked as stoic as ever, leaning back relaxedly.

As if he wasn't trying to rip him from the life he has known thus far.

"Yes, Lucerys *has* had some trouble recovering", Daemon admitted, the weakness in his voice only serving to scare him, "but with enough time we are sure-"

"I don't think time would resolve this particular issue, Mr. Targaryen", the judge interrupted and he could feel his mother tensing beside him, "there is only one solution to this.....particular situation."

The old man set all his papers down, declaring his verdict and ruining his life at the same time.

"I hereby grant Lucerys Velaryon's custody to his mate and his alpha, Aemond Targaryen, effective immediately,"

His body shook with distress, this couldn't be happening.

He looked towards Aemond, who finally looked back at him for the first time that day, the lone violet of his eye sending shivers down his spine.

He didn't pay any attention to the chaos that ensued at that verdict, Daemon shouting at the judge, his mother shouting at Alicent, the opposing lawyer speaking even more nonsense.

Instead, he beelined for Aemond, practically dashing over to him as he reached his hands out to grab at the lapels of his black coat.

His scent was much more prominent now, yet it brought him no comfort as his bite mark throbbed in more pain than he ever felt.

"You fucking cunt!", he bared his teeth at the monster, "How could you do this?! You monster!"

He received no response from Aemond, who simply kept staring at him and remained calm and collected as ever.

They had to practically drag him out of there as he sobbed and cried and shouted his lungs out.

He should have fought harder that night, should have prevented this from ever happening.

It was all his fault.

Karma for his misdeeds.

Chapter 2

He could only stare out the car window with a blank expression on the drive back.

He didn't want to think about anything.

didn't want to think about the verdict

didn't want to think about having to live with Aemond.

It was so unfair, all of it was so fucking unfair.

Why was he so unlucky?

He had only been trying to protect his brother when he attacked Aemond with that knife, he had known sooner than late that he would have to apologise to him, make amends.

Maybe even join together the two parts of the family which were irreversibly torn apart because of what he had done.

Because as good friends Alicent and his mother had been, they could do nothing but choose their children when it came to the conflict that half blinded Aemond.

He didn't know he would be paying for it this way.

He didn't know it would come back to bite him in the ass like it just did.

His parents still kept discussing whatever happened in the courtroom, with Daemon practically road raging with the way he kept pressing on the horn and his mother....

His poor mother, who looked just as bad as him, the colour drained from her face as she simply fiddled with her hands.

"I knew that judge was a fucking cunt the moment I saw him.", Daemon drawled on and he could see his mother shifting in his periphery.

"I don't understand, why would he have such backward ideas about all this? We're in the 21st century for Seven's sake."

"It's because of his age, most likely, the cunt's brain didn't progress farther than whatever unsophisticated and underdeveloped hole he came from."

He closed his eyes, trying to feign sleep.

Trying to forget about this whole affair.

**

“How could you let this happen?!” Jace practically shouted when he got home that night and heard the news, “I mean, the law is supposed to protect the victims, not send them back to their rapists! What the fuck?”

His fury was evident in his actions as he paced about the living room, fisting his hands like he wanted to punch something.

He probably would have if not for his amazing sense of self-restraint which only broke apart whenever it came to one of his siblings or his girlfriend Baela.

“Language, Jace.”, his mother chided from where she was sat on the sofa.

He had been seated on the other side, his knees pushed up to his chest, trying to sink into the cushion.

Pretending that if he stayed still enough, no one would talk to him or notice him, despite him being the topic of conversation that was causing everyone so much distress and tension.

“That’s the problem,” Daemon explained, a slight ire in his voice that he was desperately trying to keep at bay, “The court doesn’t think of him as a rapist, which is why they ruled it as a mistake caused by the throes of his rut.”

He swallowed down whatever acid made its way up to his throat at that statement.

Once again realising how unfair this situation was.

Yes, Aemond wasn’t himself that night.

Yes, he was in a rut, incapable of thinking rationally.

But that didn’t mean he wasn’t a victim, he was, but the law disagreed.

If anything, they implied- or blamed- him for being anywhere within a five-meter radius of an alpha who was clearly not in his senses, who would have pounced on the nearest prey he could get his claws on, no matter who it was.

Jace plopped down on the sofa, a certain dejection in the way he slumped down his shoulders.

Making him feel like there was no hope left, that nothing could be done to amend this situation or the verdict which was about to send the semblance of normal life he has left tumbling down.

“So, what do we do?”, Jace asked with hope in his voice, practically begging Daemon to seek a solution, “Surely, there must be *something* we can do.”

Daemon took a deep breath.

“I can appeal to the court again, reopen the case to try and turn it in our favour, but it would take a month at the very least.”

Jace's eyes widened and he threw his hands up in frustration.

"But that's too late!" he got up again, resuming his pacing, making him want to run away from here altogether, "What are you saying?", he gestured towards him as if he wasn't there, "that we just let that cunt take him away?"

He buried his head into his knees, wanting to hide away and pretend that this wasn't his reality.

He hated this; he hated this all.

Maybe he should've just died that night before causing the amount of trouble as he was right now.

Why the fuck didn't Aemond just kill him before making him face this humiliation?

Humiliation of becoming the burden he currently was.

"Jace.", his mother tried to interject, trying to keep calm while everyone was losing their marbles.

"My hands are tied, son", Daemon confided mournfully, "There's nothing we can do but wait."

Jace rubbed his face, exhaustion and hopelessness making him look ten years older than he actually was.

"But I-"

"I'm going to bed.", he declared, speaking for the first time that night.

How pathetic it was that he could barely recognise his own voice anymore.

It wasn't a surprise; he had hardly spoken more than a few sentences in the past two months.

He wonders if this is what losing one's will felt like.

He ignored his family's piercing gazes boring holes into his back when he walked upstairs as fast as he could.

It was quite a task, considering how weak and feeble he had become now.

Not surprising, he barely had an appetite most days.

The darkness of his room was almost a comfort as he walked inside.

He never turned on the lights anymore.

He sank into the sheet, cocooning himself in his blanket, no matter how suffocated it made him feel.

As if on cue, the bite mark on his neck throbbed in pain again, like it was making sure that he wouldn't have a peaceful night's sleep even if he tried.

The times he did manage to sleep, the nightmare of that night would haunt him, making him relive that painful memory again and again.

The doctor said that the distance between him and Aemond would eventually kill him.

If only he had died faster, if *only* this wretched bite had killed him in his sleep before he ever had to face this situation.

Before he caused such disturbance to his family.

He sobbed as quietly as he could, wetting the pillow he laid on as his torment and anguish only increased tenfold once the reality of the situation sank in.

He was such a fucking coward, living on like this.

He should've just taken his shame to his grave.

**

They had a surprising visitor in the the house next day.

Though, to be fair, it wasn't someone they weren't totally expecting.

Sooner than late, there was going to be an unwanted presence making itself known from the green side of their family.

He just hadn't expected it to be so soon.

He had only made his way down from his room when he heard his mother's familiar voice practically holding back from shouting, holding back with all the restraint her body could muster when faced with this particular situation.

The other woman talking to his mother, however, was as calm as she could be.

He recognised it immediately.

Alicent Hightower.

Both women were standing in the living room, arguing in small but harsh whispers by the time he arrived down.

"This isn't good for him, Rhaenyra."

"And you think sending him to that *son* of yours is? How do we even know he won't hurt him again?"

"Rhae-"

“Do you even know what Lucerys has been through the last two months? Did you even *think* what effect this would hav-“

“He is only suffering because the lot of you are too *stubborn* to let him go to the one place where he can recov-“

“And why the *fuck* would we take that risk? How can we ever trust him again?”

He heard Alicent sigh, both of them hadn’t noticed his presence yet as he stood there.

He strangely felt like a ghost, an apt description, if there ever was one.

“Aemond is a good man, he’ll take care of-“

“Your son is what got us into this mess in the first place, so don’t you *dare* try and convince me that’s he’s a good man, especially not after what he’s done.”

“For the hundredth time, he wasn’t in control of his actions! He’s trying to take responsibility-“

“By blindsiding us? By tearing Lucerys apart from the only family he has ever known? Forced to live with the man who.....”

He could hear his mother’s voice shake, the sound tearing at his heart.

He decided that it was best to stop them before it got out of hand.

“Mom.”

Both the women jerked their heads towards him in unison as soon as he called out, the feeling of wanting to crawl back into his covers increasing by the second.

He saw Alicent shake her head as his mother looked at him with pity, which was always present on her face like clockwork as soon as her eyes met his.

“Look, there’s no point in delaying this, either you let Aemond collect Lucerys tomorrow, or-“

“Or *what?*”, his mother questioned, taking a step towards Alicent, appearing intimidating, her voice threatening like she was waiting for a challenge.

Alicent did rise up to the challenge, answering in a calm voice.

“Or I get the authorities involved, which won’t be pretty.”

He swallowed at that, his mother was getting angrier by the second, her fury clear in her body language.

“I’ll go with him.”, he declared, putting an end to this quarrel once and for all.

He wasn’t going to cause anymore trouble, trapping his family in an impossible situation.

He's going to have to face the music.

Better soon than late.

Before he can cause even more damage than he already has.

Alicent nodded in understanding.

“That's good, Lucerys, he'll be here to pick you up tomorrow.”

He nodded back, ignoring the worrying expression his mother was making.

He didn't stay there anymore, retreating back to his room, as he always did whenever he wanted to escape.

Ignoring the way his mother kept calling for him.

And suddenly he knew why Alicent came here during the afternoon, when Jace or Daemon wouldn't be present.

Jace wouldn't even let her in the house and Daemon would have made sure she didn't leave while she was still breathing.

All the more reason to put an end to this, before someone gets severely hurt.

Better start packing then.

**

He was waiting on the sofa the next morning, with Jace right beside him and Daemon sitting on the other side.

The little ones had already gone off to school, he had already said his goodbyes to them, they didn't really understand the whole situation, the best he could explain was that he would be away for some days and return soon.

Hopefully.

It was his mother who had taken up the post of pacing around as she kept stealing glances from the window, looking outside for the arrival of Aemond.

“Lucerys,” He looked up when Daemon's voice called out for him, “you only have to survive this arrangement until you remain a minor, a year at best, even less if I manage to get an appeal before that time, which I promise you I will.”

He nodded his head, not choosing to answer in words.

His mother finally spoke up with a grim expression.

“He's here.”

He didn't know why, but his stomach dropped as soon as he heard that.

He supposed some part of him was expecting him not to show up, to forgo this entire thing completely.

He took a deep breath before standing up as Jace put a hand on his shoulder.

“Just call me if he gives you trouble, All right?”

He tried to give him his best attempt at a smile to ease his worries, albeit a little bit.

He only got a reassuring nod from Daemon and allowed his mother to hold him before he left.

“My sweet boy,” she whispered against his curls, “I know it's hard, but keep your head up, it'll get better soon.”

He smiled at her too, but didn't put any belief in her reassurance, because he knew how futile that was by this point.

Things are never going to get better.

So, with heavy steps, he made his way outside, Jace wheeling his luggage behind him as brought the jacket he was wearing closer, wanting to be as warm as possible.

His bite mark had been in pain the whole time, that never changed, but he did his best, keeping it clean, applying the patches and ointments.

Keeping it covered with a collar.

By the time they went outside, Daemon was already talking to Aemond.

There was a fair distance between the two men as they conversed.

It looked civil and peaceful, but he knew both of them by now to be aware that that was no the case.

He made his way over to the car, watching Aemond as he took his luggage, stashing it in the trunk and making his way to the driver's side.

He didn't look towards his family as he moved to open the car door to occupy the passenger seat.

He didn't want to break his resolve, not right now, and he wouldn't show any sign of weakness.

Aemond drove in silence for a few minutes before breaking the peace with his voice.

“Are you all right?”

That's what he's going to ask him?

After all that he put him through?

He didn't answer, not bothering to mask his sour expression as he closed his eyes, sinking into the leather seat, turning his head towards the window.

"Are you hungry? We could get something to eat on the way."

He only felt more and more irritated as he heard the fake worry in his voice.

What the fuck was he playing at?

"Luce-"

"Are you satisfied with yourself?", he finally asked, opening his eyes and looking at him, facing him properly for the first time in two months.

Amond seemed surprised at first.

"What?"

"You got what you wanted, there's no need to keep up this pretence of being a good guy."

There was offense on the alpha's face as he answered him.

"Pretence? I'm only trying to take ca-"

"Oh yeah, that's rich," he chuckled without mirth, "separating me from my family is taking care of me, sure. Like you haven't taken enough already."

"You think I wanted this?!"

The sudden loud voice made him jolt in his seat, his bite mark throbbing once again even though he had just taken pills to keep himself from the pain.

He hated this, hated how weak his nature was, cowering at the first opportunity it could find.

Suddenly the air seemed too thick, like he couldn't breathe.

The space was too confined, and Amond's scent was everywhere, and he felt like he couldn't escape.

He felt tied down, like he couldn't move no matter how much he thrashed about, screamed or shouted, or even begged.

Taking him right back to that night, where he was entirely helpless, no matter how much he tried to resist the whole thing.

"Luke, I'm sor-"

"Stop the car.", he choked out, feeling like he was going to suffocate to death at any second.

“What?”

“P-Please,” finally begged in a whimper, “I-I can’t breathe.....”

It didn’t take long before the car stopped by the pavement.

He didn’t waste any time in opening up the door and walking a few steps away from that incessant scent.

Rubbing his face and taking gulps of fresh air like he had just been saved from drowning into the sea.

Hugging himself to attempt comfort-albeit uselessly.

He wanted his mother; he wanted his brothers.

He didn’t want to be here.

How the fuck was he supposed to survive this?

Chapter 3

He simply sat by the pavement for who knows how long, it was a few minutes or maybe an hour or two, he couldn't tell.

Time didn't move the same way for him, his perception was not what is used to be before all this.

Not anymore.

Even the last two months had felt like years.

No, scratch that, those days were an entire lifetime on their own, because he could barely recall the life he had been living before being thrust into this darkness.

This gaping black hole that had swallowed him whole and was currently in the process of chewing him out.

He doesn't know when he would be spit back out, and even if he did, he doesn't know if much what makes him Lucerys would be left by that point.

He was already unrecognizable to even himself.

He wondered if his family thought the same.

They acted as normal as they could, they really tried, but he could practically feel the pity oozing out of them.

His mother made no attempt to hide it.

He caught Daemon looking at him a few times, like he was watching an animal who would be sent to the slaughter house anytime, doomed to meet an awful end.

Jace had tried joking several times, and as much as he used to love his humour, it didn't appeal to him anymore.

Anything that previously made him smile didn't anymore.

The only ones who treated him normally were Egg and Vis.

His sweet brothers, who were blissfully unaware of the whole situation.

The only ones who didn't look at him like he was wounded and bleeding out.

He had previously read somewhere that time flies by when you're having fun, and is dreadfully slow when you're suffering.

He didn't know he would find out just how fucking true that statement was.

He was distinctly aware that they couldn't stay here forever, they would have to make their way over to what was his new home now.

But he wasn't prepared, he doesn't think he ever could be.

He just sat there on the cement, taking even breaths, watching the cold air exhale out of his mouth.

His gaze was firmly set on his own boots, facing downwards, trying to anchor himself when a water bottle came into his view.

He looked up to see Aemond offering it to him silently, his violet eye looking at him with something akin to worry.

He considered throwing it right back into his face, telling him he didn't need his help *or* his concern.

But that went away just as quickly when he swallowed and realised just how dry his throat was.

He didn't notice it due to cold, but he was dehydrated.

So, he bit the bullet and took it from him, opening it up and drinking it until it was half empty.

Distinctly realising that he previously would have considered the bottle half full, not half empty.

So much for remaining optimistic.

It turned out to be just what he needed; the cool water provided instant relief as it crossed the passageway of his throat.

Aemond simply stood there, patiently waiting for him with his hands hidden in the pockets of the long coat he wore.

He drank it quite greedily and finally found enough of his bearings to continue on.

He wiped his wet lips, moving to stand on his feet.

"Let's go.", he declared, giving back the bottle, only to have the alpha shake his head as he walked off towards his car.

All right then.

He was surrounded by that scent again once he sat back in the car, he didn't like it, it was overwhelming and a distinct reminder of everything he went through.

He cracked the window, letting the air hit his face, seeking reprieve from the scent.

It was too cold to do so, but he was desperate.

He knew he would have to get used to it sooner than later.

He was living with the man now, for Seven's sake.

If Aemond was bothered by it, he didn't show it, simply stealing glances at him once in a while as he drove.

He wondered if he felt the same pity for him as his family did, despite being the one responsible for his state.

He kicked that thought out as soon as it came.

If there was anyone who was enjoying his suffering, it was Aemond.

After all, that's what this was, wasn't it?

Cold, hard revenge.

A permanent scar in exchange for the one he had granted him as children.

**

He had heard that Aemond moved out to his own place about a two to three years ago when he started university.

However, he did not expect his place to be a literal house with two stories.

It wasn't larger than the one Lucerys had been living in with his own family, but hefty in its own right.

It was located in a suburban area with many other copies of the same structure lined up on the entire strip.

He could make out its sheer size when they parked in the driveway.

Alicent was standing by the door of the house, and by the looks of it, she had been outside for quite sometime, if the way her completely flushed face due to the cold was anything to go by.

He hadn't expected her- or anyone else- to be here besides him and Aemond, but it was quite understandable.

She was probably here to smooth things out between them-meddlesome woman- before leaving them to their own devices.

How troublesome.

He stepped out the car, still feeling a bit chilled because of the window he had cracked and went towards the trunk to collect his belongings.

He didn't make it in time, Aemond beat him to it, opening the trunk to retrieve his luggage.

He decided to ignore him in favour of walking towards the entrance where Alicent waited, he didn't want to be outside in the freezing place anymore.

“Welcome home, Lucerys.” His step-grandmother greeted, flashing him a smile which could almost be mistaken for being genuine.

It is genuine, he thinks. After all, they achieved their objective of stealing him away from his family.

His thoughts soured and he couldn't even attempt to smile back in return.

Instead opting to remain cordial because his mother raised him better than to be rude.

“Thank you.”

He tried to place her hand on his back when he walked in, but he dodged it subtly by stepping away from her.

He didn't want any comfort- not from her.

He wanted his mother, his brothers.

Once inside, he got a clear look at the place, and it was quite different than the colourful interior he had been used to.

It was all black and white tiles, large sofas-also white- in the living room with a large TV.

There was an attached kitchen in the large space with an island in the middle-with black marble-the cabinets were a dark brown colour, so dark that it could be mistaken for black.

Aemond's place was just like his soul- empty and hollow.

It was also covered in his scent as well, something he couldn't appreciate no matter how hard he tried.

The only saving grace was the large outdoor pool- the blue water the only hint of a bright colour-situated in a place where the sun would have blasted it with its rays if it wasn't so cloudy.

**

It was only when they sat down on the table for lunch that Alicent finally spoke up.

The woman had been seated at the head of the table, with him and Aemond seated on opposite sides.

He hadn't been thinking about anything in particular, just keeping his head down and playing with the peas on his plate with his fork, willing this time to go faster.

He also ignored the stares he was receiving, but that was besides the point.

Let them see, he wasn't going to give them the satisfaction of looking up, just so they can enjoy his destroyed state.

"Is the food not to your liking?", Alicent asked in a gentle voice and he finally looked up.

"No, its fine.", he replied curtly, forcing himself to take a bite even though he had no wish to.

He wasn't a picky eater, he never had been, but he didn't want to give them any excuse to call him spoiled.

"Lucerys," Alicent spoke up again and he knew this wasn't anything good, he resisted the urge to roll his eyes "I know...." she considered her words, "I know this isn't what you would have wished for yourself."

"Yeah, no shit.", he replied while swallowing down the bite he took, savouring the sick satisfaction he felt watching Alicent squirm in her seat at his language.

He had tried to remain civil, but he didn't owe them that if they were going to flaunt their victory right in his face.

"*But*," the woman drawled on when she got over he initial shock, "I do hope that you can recover in your time here," she smiled, "We only want what's best for you."

He scoffed, not bothering to dignify her with a reply.

"Are you sure I can't convince the two of you to move back home?"

He raised his brows, was she suggesting that the two of them move back to her mansion?

"I have no problems with it," Aemond spoke up, moving his head to meet his eyes, "It's your choice."

He considered it, though it over.

And decided it was a bad idea.

The only ones who lived in that large mansion were Otto, Aegon and Alicent.

Helaena had already moved out to live with her husband, she had her own family of three adorable kids.

As much as he hated being alone with Aemond, he knew he couldn't stand the rest of his family.

Aegon was an annoying prick for obvious reasons.

Alicent was insufferable.

And Otto still believed that he had somehow trapped Aemond in whatever this was, that he had used his wiles to seduce his grandson, making it so that he was legally responsible for him.

No, dealing with one Hightower was enough, he wasn't going to deal with the rest of them.

This house was large enough so that he could ignore Aemond's presence.

"This place is fine."

Alicent sighed, proceeding to ask them a ridiculous question, like she wasn't aware of what had happened between them.

"Will you both be sharing a bedroom?"

"No.", Aemond and he replied in unison, their words firm as they echoed in the large space.

He still couldn't decide if he was pleased or displeased at they way him and Aemond agreed on something.

But he *did* know that he wasn't going to let him anywhere near himself.

Never again.

"Mother," Aemond started, looking deeply frustrated, "there's plenty of rooms on the first floor, Lucerys will have his own space.", he declared firmly, like the decision had already been made.

He let out a breath he didn't even know he had been holding at that statement.

The woman nodded.

"All right then," she raised her head like she remembered something, she looked at him

"Also, Aemond has been taking suppressants regularly, so you don't have to worry about his rut. I assume you're taking them as well?"

He nodded, the last heat he had was three months prior. It always used to hit him like clockwork every two months, but all of that had been in disarray since he started taking his pills.

It was a good thing; he didn't want to feel anything down there.

**

He let out an audible exhale of relief as soon as Alicent left.

Both of them stood by the door as she left, wishing them good luck.

Good luck for what?

Surviving each other?

“Sorry about that,” Aemond suddenly apologised, making him raise his brows, “She can be a bit.....”

“your mother is insufferable.”, he replied dryly, crossing his arms to trap warmth, hoping his words irritated or annoyed him.

Aemond’s response, however, surprised him.

“Can’t say I disagree.”

He could barely keep the surprise from his face.

As far as he knew, the child Alicent was most proud of and most close to was her dutiful second son.

As much as Aemond used to accuse him of being a mommy’s boy, he knew the jab applied to him as well, with how devoted he was to his mother.

The apple of her eye.

He wondered if things had changed between them as a result of what Aemond had done to him.

As far as he saw, Alicent always defended her son, saying he was not in his senses, that it was a mistake.

That he wasn’t in control.

Did she blame him?

Did Aemond blame her for not blaming him?

Which one was it?

His own dynamic with his family had shifted drastically.

Was it the same for Aemond as well?

Perhaps not in the same way, not with pity and endless consolations.

But with resentment and anger.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

They simply stood there for a few moments after Alicent's departure.

Lucerys kept looking at his feet, what else was he supposed to do in someone else's house?

Granted, it was *his* house now as well, considering that fact that his whole life, his custody, his guardianship was granted to his uncle whom he had maimed during their childhood.

An event that he felt guilty for, but never regretted, simply because he was doing what he thought best, protecting his brother.

"Come," Aemond spoke up, reaching for his luggage which had been kept close to one of the couches, "Your room is upstairs."

He nodded and followed him up the stairs silently.

As lean and skinny Aemond looked to be on the outside, he could tell there was a fair bit of muscle beneath the clothes which covered him.

He carried his no doubt heavy belongings upstairs with one hand like they weighed nothing, when in fact he was well aware that he could not accomplish such a feat by himself.

Even fully healthy, he had never been particularly strong. He was physically active, but omegas were naturally weaker than alphas.

It was the way of the world and he had hated nothing more in his entire life.

He had become well acquainted with how strong Aemond *actually* was that night, he remembered thrashing about, fighting for his dear life, but none of that seemed to affect the mindless the creature on top of him, who treated him like a rag doll, manhandling and pinning him into position before proceeding to destroy his life.

The very humiliation made him fist his hands, made him want to dig his nails into the palm of his hand, so much that it hurt.

If only he had been stronger.

If only he hadn't presented as an omega.

He still remembered how happy everyone had been after his presentation.

There had been no real pressure on him when it came to his secondary gender, with his mother and Jace assuring him that as long as he was healthy and happy, it didn't matter what he presented as.

How ironic that it was because of his secondary gender that he was neither of those thing.

He wasn't happy.

He wasn't healthy.

In the end, his mother held a small intimate party for him where everyone congratulated him, looking happy for him, and he had never been more assured that he would live a good life.

That he would eventually find someone he loved, someone he would bond with, spend the rest of his days with, have children and raise a family with.

It was almost comical how all of those plans went to shit as fast as they did over the course of a single night.

Scratch that, it wasn't a single night, it was just a mere few hours that drifted his life off course in a way he never thought he would experience.

Aemond guided him to one of the doors on the second floor, taking his luggage inside and placing it in the side of the room.

He took a good look at the room and sure enough, it was as large as the rest of his house.

A big bed, a closet, a study desk.

Everything he might need and more.

It was almost a relief to know that the space he would be spending many days cooped up in was homely and comfortable.

Not to his liking- he missed his own home too much- but tolerable at the very least.

The next thing he noticed was that Aemond's scent was also prominent in this room.

He knew why that was, the room had been closed off up until now, therefore the scent had become concentrated, it was nothing new.

He went over to the window and opened it up, trying to get some fresh air in as he looked at the view outside while ignoring the way Aemond kept staring at him.

The view was perhaps the only thing that he wouldn't have to tolerate.

It was quite beautiful and he could clearly see the outdoor pool from this angle, there was a faint wave of steam coming out from the water and he concluded that it was heated.

Quite expensive but then again, that's what being one of the richest families in Kings Landing gets you.

He took a few deep breaths of the fresh air, Aemond's scent leaving the room at a pace he was quite content with.

His brows furrowed when he felt some movement by his legs, something soft and comforting right over the jeans he was wearing.

He looked down to see a cat walking in between his legs, nuzzling and letting out low purrs, seemingly content with just exploring the new stranger in her home.

Not to mention this cat was quite fat and large than what was normal, but he found her adorable nonetheless.

“Sorry about that,” Aemond apologized and made his way over, his hand reaching for the furry circling his legs, only for the large animal to hiss and claw at her owner’s hands.

The alpha let out a small hiss of his own, looking surprised by the turn of events as he clutched his hands.

“Oh, you beast!” he chided and rubbed his clawed hand, it wasn’t too bad but enough of leave small streaks on his pale skin, “How strange,” he remarked, “she never does this.”

Lucerys tilted his head for a moment, then proceeded to crouch down to get himself acquainted with the member of the household he wasn’t aware of until that movement.

He gave his hand to her carefully and she responded in kind, licking it and nuzzling it, meowing so adorably that he scratched behind her head.

And for the first time in a while, he found himself smiling again, the sensation of his lips curling and heart warming up were something he had been deprived of for so long.

“What’s her name?”, he asked Aemond, who was simply staring at the sight with something akin to awe in his eye.

“Vhagar,” he answered, and Lucerys couldn’t help but find it strange that he had chosen to name his cat after one of the Fourteen flames, despite his mother being a devout follower of the Seven, “Don’t worry,” he assured, “I’ll get her out soon.”

“Oh, you don’t have to,” he replied immediately, the cat coming even closer to him, her soft furs feeling immensely comfortable against the skin of his hand, “She can stay,” Vhagar let out another meow, making him chuckle, “she likes me.”

Aemond nodded, “Yeah, it’s quite strange, she never likes strangers.”

Somehow, the fact only made him smile even wider. Acceptance from animals was a different sort of happiness all together.

“Also,” the alpha stepped closer, holding something out for him to take, it was a key, for what he didn’t know, “This is your room key, there’s no other copies besides this.”, he informed.

Lucerys took it with gratitude he did not need to fake, it was an extra layer of protection he couldn’t refuse, bringing him a sort of relief that he could lock his door, content that no one else could make their way in without his say so.

“Thank you.”

Amond left, leaving him to unpack while Vhagar simply kept herself close to him, following him around as he got settled in.

Strange cat, getting attached so quickly.

Though he couldn't bring himself to complain.

**

Nighttime came around faster than he expected.

He supposed it was because time passed quickly when he had something to do except laying in bed all day, contemplating his life and dealing with the pain.

He had spent all evening getting settled in, placing his clothes in the closer which was provided.

He had also brought over some of his books and somehow, he found slight motivation to continue his studies again.

Though he had no wish to do so previously.

He had already wasted two months, and if this kept going then he might have to repeat the year, and he'd rather not do that for obvious reasons.

His friends and teachers had been kind enough to mail him the material he had missed, and now all he had to do was go through it and give exams before the semester ends.

The school had made this exception for him, considering his special circumstances.

And he preferred it this way, he doesn't know how his classmates would react to him being bonded at such a young age.

Granted, they knew the whole story, but it didn't stop teenagers from judging the shit out of someone who was the center of gossip and easy to ridicule and blame.

He had already incurred enough losses; another one just wasn't worth it.

He suddenly felt a hopeful, like things were looking up for him. Now that he had been stuck here, maybe he could make the best of his situation and maybe, just maybe, attempt to move forward.

He didn't know where the sudden bout of energy and optimism came from.

Maybe it was the cat, maybe a pet was all he needed to cheer him up.

He knew it couldn't be that, but decided not to think on it.

He already set his alarm for the first time in weeks, promising himself that he would wake up early-no matter how little he might sleep- and get to work on his studies.

He was currently seated on the ground-he didn't want to get the bed dirty- with his things sprawled about.

Ointment, patches and everything else he needed to clean up the bite on his neck, barely being able to stand the sight of it reflected on the hand held mirror he used.

Vhagar was seated on his lap, her tail curled adorably as she made herself comfortable like she belonged there. The old cat had taken a liking to him and he didn't know why.

It was only when he finished applying the fresh patch on his neck when his door was knocked.

“Come in.”

The door opened to reveal Aemond.

“What would you like for dinner?”

The question made him frown, he wasn't hungry.

“I'm not hungry.”

“You barely ate at lunch.”

Lucerys shrugged.

“I just don't feel like eating.”

Aemond shook his head like he was dealing with an annoying child, it made him angry for some reason.

“Luke,” he started and that only angered him more.

“Do *not* call me that.”, he chided.

Because his nickname was only meant for his family members who hadn't destroyed his life, hadn't pulled him away from his family.

“Lucerys,” Aemond amended, “You're taking pills, you need to eat even if you don't fee like it,” he sighed, “I can make something you like, or we can order pizza? You still like pineapples on top?”

He didn't look at him, instead busying himself with petting Vhagar's soft furs, enjoying the soft purr she let out.

“Maybe later.”, he desperately hoped the man would just leave him alone.

Aemond hummed, leaving with only simple parting words.

“There’s food in the fridge in case you change your mind.”

Lucerys nodded, taking a deep breath once the door clicked close.

As if on cue, Vhagar climbed on his chest, licking his face like she was trying to comfort him.

“I’m fine.”, he smiled at her, scratching behind her ears as he leaned into his touch.

**

It was only when he was laying in bed that his phone rung from where it had been placed on the bedside.

He looked at the caller ID, and sure enough, it was who he had been expecting.

Mom

He picked it up, putting it to his ear.

“Hello.”

“*Hi, sweet boy,*” he could tell his mother was trying to remain cheerful, “*H-have you settled in?*”

“Yeah,” he looked towards the closet and his empty bag, “I unpacked everything, I was just about to go to sleep.”

“*Good, that’s good, um....*” he could hear Egg and Vis in the background, like quarrelling as they always did, “*’Did you eat? Did you take your pills?’*”

Again, an expected question.

“I did.”, he lied about eating and answered truthfully regarding his pills.

“*Do you want to talk to Jace?*”

He rubbed his face, the last thing he needed were even more questions from his over-protective brother.

As much as he loved him, he was being too much these days.

“That’s fine, I’m tired from the move and....” he bit his lip, “I should go to bed.”

“*All right,*” he heard an audible sigh on the other side, “*good night, sweet boy.*”

“Good night, mom.”

He closed his eyes, pulling the covers up, staring at the ceiling of what was his new home now.

At least for the foreseeable future.

He made sure to lock the door, keeping the key close by below his pillow.

**

He woke up surprisingly refreshed that morning, and he couldn't figure out why.

The sunlight peeked out from the windows, covering the room in light, making it look alive and cheery.

He hadn't bothered to put up the curtains last night as he usually did in his own house.

He had preferred to be surrounded by darkness at all times, and in doing so, he didn't even realise how much he had missed the sunshine on his face.

He stretched his hands out, letting out a satisfied hum when he noticed a comfortable weight on top of his stomach.

He looked down and the sight made him smile again.

Vhagar's eyes were wide open as she laid on top of him, proceeding to climb up to his chest when she noticed him awake, letting out small meows as she nuzzled him like the day before.

"Good morning," he greeted, the cuteness making him gush, receiving a meow in return like she was returning his greeting "You're quite adorable, aren't you?", he cooed, petting her as she liked, "Very unlike your owner."

He got up, making his way to the bathroom.

Brushing his teeth and washing his face, looking at himself on the small mirror.

Things he had completely neglected to do before, he somehow had the will to do now.

It was like a weight had been lifted off his chest, though he didn't know why.

Surprisingly, he felt cramps in his stomach, an entirely foreign feeling to him by now.

He was hungry for the first time in two months.

How unexpected.

He made his way down, ready to eat whatever leftovers must have been left from last night, or maybe even cook himself something.

He couldn't find Aemond anywhere, the house looked empty, but there was a pillow and a neatly folded duvet on top of the large couch.

Something he was sure wasn't there the day before.

His brows furrowed in confusion.

Did Aemond sleep downstairs?

Didn't he say there were several bedrooms upstairs?

He decided to ignore it, walking over to the attached kitchen.

Making his way over to the fridge when his eyes fell upon the covered tray on top of the kitchen island.

There was a note on top as well.

He could only assume it was for him.

He picked up the piece of paper and sure enough, it was addressed to him.

I'm going off to uni, call if you need anything.

PS: You can be as angry as you like, but don't take it out on the food. – AT

He uncovered the cloth covering the tray to reveal a colourful breakfast, making his eyes widen.

There was an omelette, fried bacon, and a small bowl cut up fruits- bananas, cherries and apples.

He could feel the hunger striking again and decided not to push away the kind gesture, ignoring the annoyance he felt at the offensive note.

He sat down on the stool to eat and discovered another surprising fact.

The omelette was made just the way he liked, cooked on the outside and creamy on the inside.

Was it just a coincidence that Aemond knew how he liked his eggs?

He decided not to think on it.

He finished everything, feeling full and comfortable as Vhagar came to sit by him.

It was one of the most peaceful mornings he had in a while.

Chapter End Notes

Vhagar took one look at Lucerys and decided to be his emotional support animal XD

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Surprisingly, Lucerys made an enormous amount of progress in his studies.

Granted, there were lots of topics to cover, many assignments to make- he only had to work on the important ones, the school chose to exempt him from the useless ones-and a lot to understand and memorise before he could be fully ready for his exams.

It was a blessing that his friend, Addam, had prepared meticulous notes and mailed them to him during the days he hadn't bothered to check his laptop.

They were all colour coded, with personal notes written here and there between the material.

Hope you get well soon bud!

This part is important for the exam!

Miss you!

The old geezer said he was gonna test this for sure!

He could only smile at the small drawings of emojis and other scribbles, which were there for the sole purpose of encouraging him and cheering him on.

He had met Addam during the first day of high school, the story was almost ridiculous to him now that he recalled it with nothing but fondness in his heart.

He had mistakenly brought two copies of the same English textbook- a hand-me-down from Jace and the one his mom bought for him before he could tell her that he didn't need one.

It was a complete blunder on his part simply because it was his day to dress up Egg and Vis for their day at school. He had been in a hurry and mornings were a special sort of chaos in his lively household.

His mother and Jace usually just ran around as they tried to get everyone ready and fed on time so that they didn't miss their school bus- his mom never allowed them to use the car and driver for daily commute, wanting them to experience a normal childhood so that they didn't become arrogant with how many privileges they had grown up with.

The only one who seemed calm during that time of day was Daemon, who usually sipped on his black coffee while scrolling his phone for news or reading a book about the latest amendments in law- which seemed to change every thirty seconds with the way his lawyer step-dad talked about them.

On his first day of school, he had already heard that the teacher for English was a young woman who was quite strict with her students, never tolerating any sort of lateness or under preparedness when it came to her class.

He had seen Addam visibly squirming in his seat when the teacher asked them to take out their textbooks, like he was trying to sink into his seat so that he might become invisible.

Lucerys could only smile at the scene before wordlessly sliding his new book into his classmate's desk, a classmate who would from then on become his dear friend.

That was all it took for them to become attached at the hip, and pretty soon everyone knew them as the responsible nerd (Lucerys) and irresponsible jock (Addam).

Even the teachers would ask him about Addam's whereabouts like they were sure that he would know where to find him at all times.

He was an alpha and naturally many people assumed that they were dating with how much time they spent in each other's company, some of Addam's friends would just tell him to fess up already and admit that he was snogging him.

But their friends didn't know them, Addam was just a friend, being an alpha or omega meant nothing to Lucerys, secondary genders never did.

As far as he knew, the two of them were as platonic as they could get.

It was a visible change to see his friend make such exhaustive notes, since he knew very well that Addam was not that keen when it came to his studies, only focusing on his football that he loved above all else.

He supposed it was because his friend felt a responsibility of sorts- of what had happened to him that night- when it came to the events that went down and *how* they went down.

He supposed he blamed himself for the predicament Lucerys had found himself in.

As much as Addam blamed himself, he was sure that his parents hated him even more, because as far as he remembered, the boy would stand outside his house for hours before Jace would drag him out or Daemon would give him an icy glare because that was all it took for him to scam out of there with his tails between his legs.

As for Lucerys, he was far too embarrassed to face him, or anyone else from his high school, he couldn't stand their judgement nor their pities.

He just wanted to be alone.

It was unfair to Addam, he knew that very well, but he had barely started taking care of himself, he didn't feel like he had the capacity to concern himself with other people's emotions.

He wouldn't blame Addam if he decided to call it quits and put an end to their friendship, it would be understandable, the boy didn't owe him anything, nor was he obliged to continue

being friendly with him after he had ghosted him for months.

Lucerys sighed, feeling his spirits dampen at the thought.

It would just be another semblance of his normal life which would be torn away from him before he could do anything about it.

Helplessness was a curse in itself, and he was starting to learn that more and more as each day passed.

Nevertheless, he kept his progress steady, putting hopes in the small notes Addam had written for him.

Choosing to see the situation as glass half full rather than half empty.

**

The door to his room knocked when he had been entirely focused on the assignment he had been working on for the last hour or two.

Vhagar meowed from where she had settled herself by his legs as he sat at his desk, which was completely filled by his laptop, stationery, books and papers.

The rhythm of the knock already told him who it was as he turned towards the door in his spinny chair.

After all, who else could be with only one other person living in the house besides him?

“Come in.

Sure enough, Aemond peeked his head in, his hair tied back, clad in a comfortable T-shirt and trousers.

“Dinner?”

Lucerys considered this a moment.

He looked at the time, and yes, it was appropriate to eat now. He had lost track of time, something which hadn’t happened in a while.

It was expected, he wasn’t looking at his phone or simply laying in his bed like a corpse, watching the dim rise and fall of the sunlight through his curtained windows.

What the heck, he can always change his mind later on, it’s not like Aemond would force feed him if refused.

“What are we having?”

The alpha raised his brows like he hadn’t been expecting that response.

It was warranted, considering how sullenly and coldly he had turned him down the night before.

He couldn't remember the last time he had been that unkind to someone.

His mother didn't call him sweet boy for no reason.

“Pasta with red sauce,” he straightened up, “unless you’d like something else?”

Lucerys nodded, he didn’t mind the menu, though it was a bit offensive to think that Aemond thought him a spoiled brat who would be picky about the food of all things.

“Pasta is fine.”

“Great,” Aemond sounded relieved as Lucerys stood up from his seat, “Will you have it downstairs or in your room?”

He raised his brows, surprised.

“I’m allowed to have it in my room?”

As far as house rules go, there wasn’t a strict set of order in his own, but the only one they followed almost religiously was to never eat in bed.

It applied to even the older kids, since they were the one who were supposed to set an example for the younger kids.

Not to mention Aemond seemed just the type of person who would be a stickler for these sorts of things.

But his uncle simply seemed cool and unbothered by the notion of him possibly ruining the bed.

“Whatever you like.”

Still, Lucerys decided it was best not to give him ammunition to use against him in the future. He was representing his side of the family, whether he liked it or not, and he could put up with having dinner with Aemond if he could prove that his mother had raised him right.

He turned away, cleaning the things sprawled about on the wooden desk, putting them in an orderly fashion.

“I’ll have it downstairs.”

He only received a hum from Aemond before the sound of his outgoing steps made it to his ears.

Gods help him.

Once he made his way outside, the old lady who never seemed to be able to leave him for long followed him downstairs, meowing and keeping close to his legs.

He would have found her annoying if hadn't been just as clingy.

When he reached downstairs, the aroma of food made its way to his nose, along with the clattering of pots and pans from the kitchen.

Once he reached closer, he was surprised to see Aemond cooking his dinner- *their* dinner- with his own hands, looking experienced as he moved about with practiced hands, seemingly like he was entirely comfortable with what he was doing.

So.....his uncle could cook.

Who knew.

Vhagar meowed again as she nuzzled his legs and he could tell that she was hungry. Her bowl was usually by the corner of the kitchen island, but it looked empty right now.

He should probably make sure she eats dinner as well.

“Hey,” he walked closer until he was five feet away from Aemond, “She’s hungry,” he gestured towards the furry in question, “where do you keep your cat food?”

Aemond simply gave a once over to Vhagar before pointing his chin towards a cabinet on the bottom.

“The one on the right.”

He followed the instructions, crouching down to open up the wooden door, reaching his hand in once his eyes locked with the target.

He could hear Vhagar meowing even louder once her slit-eyes caught sight of the feed, he couldn't stop himself from chuckling as he made his way to her adorable bowl on the floor, kneeling to pour out enough food for her.

He only watched her for a few seconds as she greedily dug into the food bites like she hadn't eaten in years. It suddenly made sense as to how she grew as large as she did.

He saw Aemond putting the plates of pasta on the counter, taking that as his cue to get up and take his place opposite to the alpha.

They ate in silence, and he had to admit, the food was cooked really well. The pasta was cooked perfectly and the sauce was savoury and tasty, not too spicy as well, which worked out just fine for him.

He never had an affinity towards hot foods, if anything, he was the sort of person who had a sweet tooth, who believed there was a separate stomach for dessert.

Lemon cakes were his favourite.

It was only when he had been halfway done with his plate that Vhagar made her way over to him again, jumping up again as she climbed on top of his lap as he sat on the stool.

He could only smile as he saw her getting herself comfortable, looking like she was about to fall asleep after a good chow.

“You’ve stolen my cat.”

He looked towards Aemond at that remark, but there was no accusation in his voice, if the way his tone was light and the way his lips slightly curled was anything to go by.

“I didn’t steal her,” he spun another batch of pasta on his fork, “She likes me.”, he repeated.

Aemond hummed before looking at Vhagar dead in the eye.

“Traitor.”

He could only smile, taking another bite of the delicious pasta.

“Oh,” he suddenly remembered after looking at all the dirty plates and pan in the kitchen, “I could do the dishes?”

He offered simply because it was fair to do so, he wasn’t about to stay over like a house guest, there was no need to impose if he could help it.

Aemond simply shook his head.

“The housekeeper will take care of it.”

The housekeeper?

As far as he knew, no one else came by the house today.

“How come I haven’t seen him?”

“It’s a she,” Aemond amended, taking their dirty plates and putting them in the sink, “and she only comes by every other day, you’ll see her tomorrow.”

Lucerys nodded, ready to bid him good night and retreat back to his space, but the alpha spoke up before he could.

“Also,” Aemond leaned against the kitchen island, placing both his hands on it as he gave him his full attention, “You have a doctor’s appointment tomorrow.”

Lucerys frowned at the news before he could help himself.

He didn’t want to go, he always dreaded the visits, the insistent questions.

They way the doctor never had anything but bad news to give him every time he went.

Like he was in danger, like his bite would never heal, that the solutions they had were only temporary.

But there was no fighting with his family, they always dragged him to the appointments and he knew there would be no arguing with Aemond either, no matter how much he wanted to.

He would have to go, sooner than later.

He had enough self-awareness to know when he was being childish.

“What time?”

Aemond nodded.

“Be ready by 10. I’ll drive you.”

Great, just great.

How wonderful.

He only walked up to the stairs towards his room.

Locking the door securely before falling asleep in his bed with Vhagar curled up nearby,

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He waited in the doctor’s room with baited breath, his leg fidgeting in restless leg syndrome as he looked upon the various anatomy drawing which were stuck on the wall.

The scent of hospital bleach was something he had never gotten used to, and he doesn’t think he ever will, no matter how many times he is forced to come here.

Aemond was waiting outside, seated in one of the chairs they provided in the hallway.

He had driven him in silence-stealing occasional glances at him like he couldn’t see him staring from his periphery or his reflection on the glass of the car window- and if he had anything to say about his appointment, he kept it to himself.

It was good, it was what he preferred.

He didn’t know if he had the strength to hold himself back from throttling the alpha if he dared to ask him something like if he was doing all right or not.

The sound of the door as it clicked open, also made his dread increase tenfold.

But Doctor Gerardys didn’t seem to notice that as he greeted him with the same smile he always had etched on his face.

He was a good man, but gods, Lucerys found his endless kindness annoying sometimes.

Though that was probably a fault on his side.

“Good morning Lucerys, how are you feeling today?”

“Morning,” he fiddled with his fingers, “I’m fine.”, he said as he always did, no matter how shitty he felt.

Geardys hummed, taking his seat and looking over at his file again.

“Well,” the doctor smiled while putting his file down, “Let’s start with an ultrasound, shall we?”

Lucerys nodded, it was expected, the man always followed the same steps each time he examined him.

He took off his jacket, placing it on the seat before walking to the area hidden behind the curtain, taking off his jeans and boxers with humiliation coursing through him as he laid down on the bed, covering his bottom with one of those disposable cloths, spreading his legs to make it easier, he was well aware of the position by now.

The doctor only entered once he told him he was ready, taking his place and taking out the probe which always brought him crushing dread.

It wasn’t particularly large, but it overwhelmed him all the same.

He simply looked away, bracing himself.

“There’s just gonna be a little pressure,” he winced a bit, despite the warning as he felt the device entering his folds, “all right, that’s it.”

He almost sighed in relief, watching a Gerardys busied himself with whatever he found on the screen.

It was then that his eyes fell upon the scars he had on his outer thigh.

He had them on both sides, and they were entirely similar.

five long streaks on each side of the soft skin, like he had been clawed by a fucking animal.

Which, in hindsight, he actually was.

The nails that had dug into his flesh were unforgiving and tight, gripping him so hard he could barely move.

It was quite strange, he had felt them in the moment they were created, but there was no pain, none that he could register anyways.

He supposed he had been too scared and hurt in other areas to concern himself with these at that particular moment.

“Do you think these will ever go away?”, he muttered, not asking particularly anyone, but the good man in the room answered him anyways once he realised what he was talking about.

“I don’t know, Lucerys, I’m sorry,” Gerardys sighed, “I could refer you to a dermatologist if you want?”

He immediately shook his head, as much as he wanted to get rid of all the evidence when it came to that night, he knew it was a hopeless cause.

His bite would never go away.

A scar that will forever be on his person for the rest of his life.

Just like the scar that ran on Amond’s face, from his brow to the tip of his cheek.

Karma.

Once the pesky examination was done, he got dressed and sat down on his chair as the doctor took a look at his bite next.

He took off the collar, placing it on the table for now.

“Have you been taking your pills?”, Gerardys asked as he removed the patch on his neck, slowly and carefully.

“Yes.”

“And have you been feeling any different? Any changes in mood or appetite?”, he tried his best not to grimace as gloved hands pressed on his neck.

“Yeah,” he answered truthfully, “I’ve been sleeping well and I feel like eating more.”

“That’s good,” the doctor took the same tube of ointment he had been using for the past two months, “Has something changed?”

He raised his brows; did he not know?

“I’ve moved houses,” he could feel the coolness of the cream being applied to his wound, “My custody was granted to the alpha who.....”he swallowed down the acid that crept up on his throat at his own words, he couldn’t say more, and was grateful that the doctor was smart enough to understand.

“I see,” Gerardys’ tone remained the same as took a fresh patch, unpeeling the layer covering the sticky side, “That probably explains it, his pheromones must have helped.”

He wasn’t an idiot; he had a sneaking suspicion that might have been the case.

He supposed he didn’t want to admit it unless he got explicit confirmation.

Because as appreciated as the help was, there was no changing the fact that he had been torn away from his family.

He was still bitter about that.

The new patch was applied and his doctor's appointment came to an end without any bad news or unsolicited advice.

How strange.

**

The air once they exited the hospital was cold and harsh, the winter in Kings Landing couldn't be compared to those in the north, but it was fierce in its own right.

He crossed his arms in an attempt to trap warmth, cold steam coming out of his mouth as he exhaled.

Only to stop in his tracks once Aemond opened the passenger door of the car for him to get in.

Okay, what?

What?

He chose to ignore his confusion at the sudden chivalry.

Instead, choosing to walk forward while rolling his eyes.

"I'm not sick, *qybor*," he reminded the alpha as he sat inside, "I can open my own doors."

He didn't receive a response from Aemond who closed the door and took his seat.

It was only when they were five minutes into their drive that his phone rung in his jacket.

The consecutive beeps let him know it was a text, though he had a good idea as to who it was.

Hey.

Did Aemond take you to your doctor's appointment?

He told me he would.

As expected, the messages were from his mother, though he wasn't aware that Aemond had conversed with her, simply because they had never been on the best of terms his whole life.

Their relationship was non-existent despite them being half-siblings.

And he had crushed whatever hope there was left after the incident on Driftmark.

Yeah, he did.

Also, he talked to you?

He only had to wait a second before his mother replied.

Yeah, he asked me what your favourite foods were.

He couldn't help but steal a glance at Aemond, who was completely focused on the road, a hand on the steering wheel.

This man swallowed down his pride and talked to his estranged sister because he refused to eat dinner once?

Huh.

As much as he couldn't believe it, it certainly explained the omelette he had eaten the day before *and* this morning, cooked just as he liked.

His mother's worry continued.

What did the doctor say?

He thought the best course of action would be to be honest, if only to ease her worries a little.

Nothing much.

He said I'm getting better now.

He took a deep breath, touching the collar on his neck.

Somehow the pain had subsided so much, it was almost like it wasn't even there anymore.

That's good to know.

Has Aemond been treating you well?

Has he caused any trouble?

He has no doubt that his mother was looking for any sort of misbehaviour which she could use in court to fight for his custody.

And as easy as it would be for him to lie, he had enough conscience to know that wasn't the right thing to do.

Yeah.

The reply was quick again.

That's good.

And also, please to Jace, Luke.

Your brother misses you, give him a call as soon you can.

He didn't have to think about the answer, he was planning on calling him soon anyways.

I will.

I promise.

He shut down his phone, sinking back into the leather seat, closing his eyes and trying to relax.

He was utterly exhausted and the day hadn't even begun.

It wasn't physical, he knew that, he already slept well the night before.

He heard a slight rustling that made him open his eyes.

He looked to see Amond reaching behind to the back seat, taking a plastic bag and putting it right in his lap.

“Here.”

He raised his brows, but didn't question him in words before opening up the bag to see the inside.

The contents consisted of all sorts of snacks.

Chips, toffees, lollipops, biscuits.

Did Amond buy these while he was inside the doctor's office?

He couldn't stop the smile that made its way to his face when his eyes laid on the yellow wrapper he knew very well.

His favourite lemon cake.

He knew what he was going to eat, opening up the wrapper before turning his attention towards Amond.

“Thanks.”

His uncle shrugged, never taking his eyes off the road.

“Part of the job now.”

It wasn't, not technically.

But neither of them commented on that fact.

Damn this turned longer than I expected.

But I've decided that this is a good stopping point, because the next chapter will be a flashback to the night of the incident, I will write Lucerys' POV first(not sure if I'm gonna do Aemond's).

As much as I wanted to let everything out in the open in between chapters, I realized I could never do that efficiently enough, therefore this decision of mine.

Do leave comments guys, I feel much more motivated when I hear your kind words.

Hugs

Chapter 6

Flashback: more than two months ago.

“I don’t think this is a good idea, Addam.”

He walked around his room, putting stuff away, cleaning up as much as he could-because his mother was a stickler for keeping things clean- while talking to Addam via the Bluetooth in his ear.

“Come on, bud!”, the alpha insisted, “It’s just one night of having fun, you and I could both use it, make some memories you know!”

He chuckled at the way Addam talked about the plan he had formulated for them during for weekend.

“It’s illegal, you know,” he reminded his reckless friend for the umpteenth time, “Sneaking into a club, no one’s gonna believe we’re adults,” he sighed, “maybe they would let *you* in, but with my baby face? Definitely not.”

“That won’t be an issue,” Addam assured, “My brother’s got the preparations done down to a T. You and me? we’re both gonna have rock solid Ids so that no one can question our age.”

He furrowed his brows while putting away some of his dirty clothes into the laundry basket.

He knew that Addam had a slightly older brother-Alyn-who was a university student, he had even met the man sometimes outside their high school when he came to pick up Addam.

“You had fake Ids made for us?”

“Yeah.”

He pursed his lips, putting away some of his books back in the shelf (In alphabetical order, of course).

“That’s illegal too, you know.”

He heard a groan on the other side.

“Having a lawyer daddy has made you a stickler for the law, loosen up buddy!”

He chuckled once again, shaking his head.

“Who else is gonna be there?”

“Me, Alyn.....oh, and your cousin’s gonna join us too, so you won’t be the only omega there.”

What?

Who was he talking about?

He pressed the Bluetooth further into his ear.

“Did you say *my* cousin?”, he confirmed.

“Yeah, the pretty one, her name’s Rhae something.....I think.”

His eyes widened, stopping whatever he was doing.

“Rhaena?”

“Yeah, yeah, that one. Are you close with her?”

He was, they had been friends who confided in each other about everything, even now.

Though, admittedly, he hadn’t talked to her as much as he would have liked since she graduated.

“Yeah.”

“My bro goes to the same uni as her,” Addam drawled on, and all of it made sense, ‘*He invited her and she knows about it all, she’s gonna give you a call soon I think.*”

Lucerys hummed, thinking over the whole idea.

Suddenly, it didn’t seem as daunting as it previously did. After all, Rhaena would also be there, he could be assured that if she- as an omega- felt safe enough to go out, then he should too.

He would have a trusted family member to take care of him.

“So, what do you say? Come on Luke, it’s gonna be a once in a lifetime experience! Besides I’ll be right there with you, don’t you trust me?”

He smiled, the idea of rebelling and doing something without informing his family suddenly brought him a sense of thrill he hadn’t felt in a long time.

For as long as he remembered, he had spent the majority of his high school years avoiding parties, drugs, alcohol and any other sort of inappropriate activity or vice.

Simply because he was always the good, sweet boy of his family. The responsible older brother to three younger siblings.

Heck, he hadn’t even had a proper boyfriend yet.

He had kissed a few boys here and there, but nothing more than hands and mouth stuff.

He was a bloody virgin at seventeen, it was quite embarrassing.

He was the shadow of his older brother, who was as dutiful and obedient as elder sons were expected to be.

But this was an opportunity to break out of his shell, do something entirely uncharacteristic just because he wanted to.

“All right, okay, I’ll go.” He conceded, giving in to his friends’ plan.

“*Heck yeah!*”

The next cheer Addam let out caused him to take off the Bluetooth and shuck it into the far end of his room.

**

“Don’t worry, Dad, I’ll look after him.”, Rhaena assured Daemon at the doorway where his parents were sending them off for a ‘sleepover’, blissfully unaware of what they were *actually* about to do that night.

It was necessary, they couldn’t possibly tell them that they were off to a night of fun in a place where they-at least *he*- definitely shouldn’t be.

How good it was that he and Rhaena were considered the sweetest branches of their family. If there was someone his parents were going to suspect, it definitely wasn’t them.

“Have fun you two,” his mother still kept him close, pressing a kiss on his forehead, “watch movies, have popcorn, do each other’s hair,” she sighed, smiling like she was remembering long lost memories, “You’ll miss this time once you grow up.”

He smiled, exchanging a knowing look with Rhaena, practically smirking at each other at how they had both their respective parents completely fooled.

Watching movies, doing each other’s hair was the last thing on their minds right now.

“Don’t stay up too late.”, Daemon said once they were seated in the car.

Rhaena drove off and he couldn’t help but admire her profile at the woman she had become.

She looked mature, which, to be fair, she was.

She was older than him, a university student, a legal adult.

“So,” Rhaena started, “We’re gonna stop by my place first before we join the boys,” she gave him a sweet smile, “I’ve got the perfect outfit prepared for you.”

He swallowed, wondering what the undertone of mischievousness in her voice meant.

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He found out the meaning behind her odd expression as soon as he put on the outfit in question.

Rhaena had just handed him a shopping bag, giving him inflexible instructions to not come out without wearing whatever was inside.

No matter how many times he looked at the mirror, he couldn't see the reflection getting better, only making him more and more uncomfortable by the second.

For starters, the outfit was all black.

The shirt he wore couldn't even be called that.

It was a mesh transparent shirt, it did nothing to cover his skin, his nipples and belly button were in full view.

His leg's weren't covered, the length of them exposed with the small shorts he wore that barely reached to his upper thigh.

Granted, his legs *were* covered with black stocking, but it made him self-conscious all the same.

The only thing that provided a semblance of cover was the cropped leather jacket he wore, which wasn't even large enough to button at his front.

He had seen enough movies and TV shows to know that such clothes were common in clubs. He just didn't think he could pull off such a daring outfit.

"Luke?!", Rhaena called from where she was waiting outside the bathroom, "What's taking so long?"

"I think this is too much!", he yelled back so that his voice might reach her.

"Nonsense!", she spoke casually, "Just come out or I'm using the master key."

That threat was enough to make him swallow down whatever he had been feeling.

He cursed internally and opened the door, walking out, feeling really out of his element in garments he never would have chosen for himself.

Not in a hundred years.

His cousin-sister's reaction was quite contrary to his as she practically beamed when her eyes fell upon his figure, walking over to touch his arms as she looked at the outfit she chose for him.

She, herself, was in similar clothes, with denim shorts and a neon pink crop top, the piercing on her belly button present for all to see.

He was pretty sure she got it once she moved out, since Daemon would never allow it.

“This is perfect, you look really pretty! there’s just one more thing,” he raised his brows in question, “Make up.”

He frowned at the idea.

“We’re doing that as well?”

His sister ignored him, coming behind him and practically pushing him towards the dressing table in her apartment, sitting him down as he stared at the mirror.

“Of course we’re doing that,” she grinned, taking his curls and brushing through them with her fingers, “I’m gonna make sure you have the *full* experience.”

He shrugged, ignoring how enticing he found the whole idea.

“Whatever you say, ma’am.”

“Oh,” Rhaena looked like she remembered something, “Have you drunk any alcohol before?”

He pursed his lips as she reached inside her vanity to take out a silver flask, opening the attached cap to take a healthy swig of whatever was inside.

“Jace let’s me have half his beer sometimes.”, he answered truthfully, his parents knew about it too, they didn’t mind if the drinking was light and done inside the house where they couldn’t go over board.

Rhaena shook her head in disapproval.

“Gods, you’re repressed.”, she handed him the flask she just took a sip from, “Here, try this for a change.”

He took a small sip as Rhaena reached for the various brushes and other compacts she had stashed away in her vanity, probably to start working on his face.

The taste of *this* alcohol was completely different than the watered down beers he had before, it was harsh, bitter and it made his throat burn. Just a small swig was enough to make him cough a few times.

“Keep it down, Luke”, Rhaena instructed, pumping out foundation on the back of her hand, “You need to get a good buzz going before we reach there.”

He took another sip as she brushed the foundation over his face. She was clearly talented, the shade was an exact match to his skin, not to mention how practiced her hands were.

It was nothing new for omegas to wear make up, many of them even opted for it on a daily basis, it was common and sometimes even encouraged.

It’s just that he had never been the type to fixate himself on his looks, his interest never sparked in such things.

But the self-pampering felt surprisingly nice as Rhaena worked on his face while he took occasional sips as he sat there obediently.

He already got used to the alcohol, it didn't burn his neck anymore as it went down.

Rhaena spoke up as she lined his eyes with black eyeliner.

“What do you think?”

He chuckled, feeling a blush creep up on his cheeks.

“I feel stupid.”

The woman scoffed.

“Oh, please, everyone feels stupid, you just need to have confidence,” she took another black pencil to line his waterline black as well, totally matching with the theme of his outfit, “It doesn't matter if it's real or not, no can tell the difference.”

“Do you feel stupid as well?”, he asked, deeply curious at how sure she sounded, “Are you faking your confidence too?”

Rhaena grinned, her eyes completely focused on her task.

“Yeah, I am,” she confessed, “But no one can tell because that's just what confidence is, an illusion.”

Lucerys could do nothing but hum in answer as she pulled away after she was done painting his eyes.

He supposed she was right. Rhaena had always looked confident and secure for as long as he remembered, but it was a relief to find out that she had her own set of self-doubts as well.

It made her seem more human.

He took another sip of the flask and the make up session ended with a blood red lipstick on his lips.

When he looked at the mirror, he really didn't recognise the person staring back at him.

It was someone else, someone different than who he usually was.

Rhaena put both her hands on his shoulders, leaning down to meet his eyes in the mirror as he admired her handiwork.

“You just need to own your body,” she gripped his shoulders harder, “own *yourself*.”

He couldn't stop the smile that crept up on his face.

The figure on the mirror smiled as well, convincing him that this image was, in fact, also him, no matter how much he couldn't believe it.

“Thanks, sis.”

He took another sip of the flask before they left.

**

They made their way downstairs where the Hull brothers were waiting for them and, the first thing Addam did when he took in his form is to stare at him like an idiot, like he was frozen in place.

“Hello boys,” Rhaena greeted as she opened up the door of the car they were seated in, “Ready for the best night of your lives?”

“Heck yeah.” Alyn answered and Lucerys chuckled when he realised that was Addam’s usual punchline as well.

Pretty soon they drove off and Alyn spoke again.

“You guys started yet or what?”

He didn't know what he was talking about, but his sister did.

“Of course we did,” Rhaena waved around the flask in her hand, “I’m not an amateur, just take care of your pup,” she pointed her chin towards Addam, who was seated in the passenger seat, “He’s practically drooling over Luke.”

His eyes widened when Alyn and Rhaena started laughing as Addam hurried to explain himself.

“I was not!”, he denied vehemently and pretty soon Lucerys found himself giggling as well while Alyn tapped his brother’s shoulder while wiggling his eyebrows at him.

The flask was completely empty by the time they reached the club, the contents swirling around his and Rhaena’s bloodstream as he felt himself feeling light chested.

**

When Addam said that his brother had planned everything to a T, he really meant it.

Because the scary looking bouncers at the club didn’t spare him another glance once they looked at his apparent ID.

He realised that Addam’s brother must have been involved with some shady people if he could just create a convincing enough card to make the men ignore his baby looking face.

Granted, Rhaena’s make up made him look five years older, no doubt contributing to the success of this whole farce.

He could feel himself letting out a sigh of relief as he walked in hand in hand with Rhaena, with the Hull brothers in front of them, leading them in.

He caught Addam looking back and grinning at him, giving him a look that spoke only one thing.

I told you it would work.

As many times he had seen clubs in videos, experiencing the place in real was something which definitely didn't compare.

Not even close.

For starters, the different scents and pheromones spread all over the large space hit his senses like a truck.

The lights were blinding and too dark at the same, with Led, strobe and laser blinking in and out, creating an environment where one could lose themselves in.

The electronic music was loud, deafening to his ears, it made him want to curl his shoulders, but it was exciting at the same time.

He could feel his heart beat faster.

The outfit he was so conscious about looked modest in comparison to others.

There were people on the dance floor, dressed in even bolder, daring outfits as they moved about to the beat of the song, throwing their hands up and yelling.

He could see a few people making out here and there, the sight making him blush.

The whiskey he had drunk was already working, he could feel it. he was lightheaded, his body was moving of its own accord, each step was easy to take.

He gripped Rhaena's hand tighter as they made their way through the crowd.

"Holy shit!", he shouted out in glee, only to have his sister pull him closer to whisper in his year.

"It's nice, isn't it?", she grinned, her eyes glassy, the only indication she was tipsy, "The fun is just beginning, little Luke."

He could only giggle as they walked to wherever they were going, letting himself be led.

The smile on his face only wavered when he caught sight of a hint of silver by the bar.

He looked closely, focusing his vision- which was quite a task at this point- only to freeze in place once he recognised the man standing there.

Aemond Targaryen.

Aemond *fucking* Targaryen.

His uncle.

Or more specifically, the uncle he had maimed in his childhood.

He looked quite different than the pictures he had seen of him, the ones posted on Helaena's instagram, the only child of Alicent he had a relationship with.

He was wearing a leather jacket with a white T-shirt underneath, and denim jeans.

His hair was just like the place they were currently in- loose and wild, completely fitting the atmosphere.

The glass of whisky he took a sip from was also suited, and the eyepatch only worked to strengthen his profile as he leaned with his back against the counter of the bar.

His posture was relaxed and screamed confidence.

The sight made him swallow as he watched, or more like ogled his uncle as he stood there, vaguely aware that Rhaena was looking at him.

Another man with dark black hair that reached down to his neck was standing close to Aemond, speaking something into his ear with a wicked grin that made his uncle smirk as he took another sip of his whiskey.

Rhaena stepped in front of him, blocking his view.

“What is it?”

He reached closer to whisper in her ear.

“Look towards the bar.”

She followed his instructions and a hint of surprise caught her face before it returned to neutral, looking back at him with confusion.

“So, Aemond's here, what about him?”

What?

Did she not understand the danger?

“I could get in trouble if he sees me,” he could feel dread growing in his stomach, “What if he tells-“

“Who's he gonna tell?”, Rhaena chuckled, “Jace, who punched him? My dad, whom he hates? Or your mom, who he has no relationship with?”

It certainly sounded fair when she put it like that, the two parts of their family hadn't conversed in years. Even the occasional reunions were completely halted once his grandfather- viserys- passed way.

He figured even if Aemond told his family, they wouldn't believe him. It was his word against Aemond's.

He nodded his head, allowing Rhaena to pull him, walking him over until they were on the other side of the bar.

Once they arrived there, Alyn spoke something to Rhaena in her ear, to which she nodded, after which both the brothers went away somewhere.

“Where did they go?”

Rhaena shrugged, flagging down the bartender so that they could get more drinks.

“Some business to take care of, best we don't know about it.”

He didn't question her further.

Pretty soon as line of shots was brought out, but he still felt uneasy when he caught sight of Aemond from his periphery some distance away.

Rhaena simply gave him a shot glass before taking one herself.

“Relax, Luke,” she spoke loud enough for him to hear, clinking her glass with his, “Don't let him ruin your fun.”

He nodded, he wasn't going to get an opportunity to let loose like this anytime soon, better make the most of it.

The two of them gulped down the shots like there was no tomorrow, and by the end of it, he was a giggling mess while Rhaena still looked as composed as ever, though there was a slight flush on her face once he looked closely.

He followed her lead, next taking the three fingers of whisky she ordered for him, taking small sips, enjoying the taste of the salted rim that occasionally made it's way to his mouth.

He didn't hear Rhaena's phone ring, but he could tell it did with the way she reached into her back pocket to take it out, looking at the screen for a few seconds before talking into his ear again.

“It's dad,” she informed him with an even tone, unbothered, “I'm gonna take this outside.”

She gulped down her glass of whisky.

“Will you be okay?”, she asked, looking like she was hurrying to get out, it was understandable, Daemon always panicked whenever he picked the phone late.

He most likely wanted to ask how their 'sleepover' was going.

“Yeah.”, she scurried out, snaking her way through the people and making her way out the crowd.

He watched her until she disappeared from view

He took another sip and only a few seconds passed in bliss before he felt a harsh grip on his elbow, the heat of the fingers apparent even through the cropped jacket he wore, turning him around mercilessly as his eyes made contact with a lone violet eye.

“What the *fuck* are you doing here?”

He almost lost his balance and dropped the glass, but his attitude remained undeterred as he regarded his uncle, who had noticed him for the first time that night.

“Hello, *qybor*, how nice to see you here.” he snickered, taking a sip of his whiskey.

The air around Aemond was menacing, his tone serious.

“I asked you a question, *taoba*.”

Oh, great, he was still calling him that.

“Why am I here? This is a club,” he casually gestured to the place they were in, “this is a drink,” he held out the glass in his hand, “figure it out.”

He was almost proud of how careless his tone was, it barely sounded like himself.

“You’re underage, Lucerys.”, Aemond reminded like he wasn’t aware of the fact.

He shrugged.

“So what? Its just a few months, give or take, don’t be a stickler.” He used the same term Addam had used on him previously.

Aemond smirked, and maybe it was the alcohol, but he really shouldn’t look as attractive as he did.

“That’s what you’re mommy’s teaching you these days?”, he looked over his form and Lucerys felt like he was undressing him with his gaze, “dressing up like a slut, sneaking into place-“

“How’s your eye, uncle?”, he interrupted in a conversational tone, “Is it healing nicely?”

He knew where his sudden bravery came from, the alcohol coursing through his veins was distinguishing his sense of self-preservation, because no way in Seven Hells would he have brought up Aemond’s eye sober.

The only response it got him was a grip on the lapel of his jacket as Aemond pulled him closer, whispering in his ear.

“Careful, little omega,” the lips on the shell of his ear, combined with that smooth voice sent shivers down his spine, made his heart beat wildly, “keep talking like that, and you might get yourself in trouble.”

He grinned, very unlike himself as he pulled back, taking a relaxed sip of his whisky while looking at Aemond dead in the eye.

“I’d like to see you try.”

He only got a smirk in return.

Whatever stare down they were having was interrupted when a man came behind Aemond, the same man with black hair he had previously seen him with.

Whoever he was, his lips curled once he looked over his body, giving him a toothy smile.

“Well, aren’t you a pretty little thing?”

He didn’t smile back, not finding the compliment anything but lecherous.

“Back off, Dalton,” Aemond spoke calmly, taking a sip of his own drink, “He’s off limits.”

The man- Dalton’s- brows furrowed.

“Why?”

“It’s against the principle.”, Aemond bottomed out his drink, signalling the bartender for another.

Dalton scoffed.

“What principle?”

Aemond looked at Dalton dead in the eye, the scene feeling strangely dangerous as the two of them tried to outdo each other.

He could feel his nose scrunch at the pheromones they let out, they were anything but pleasant, he wanted to run out of there.

“The don’t-hit-on-my-underage-nephew principle.”

Lucerys shook his head, feeling offended at the notion of Aemond sticking up for him.

He didn’t need his help, he wasn’t a weakling.

“Don’t worry,” he emptied his glass, licking his lips to taste the remnants of the salt, “Even if your friend was the last man on earth, I wouldn’t give him the time of day.”

He had expected Dalton to be offended, to storm off, it would be the appropriate reaction to his statement.

But the man acted quite contrary, throwing his head back and laughing like Lucerys had told the funniest joke of the century.

“Oh, I like him,” he wiped the tear at the corner of his eye, “Feisty.”

The way Dalton grinned at him only made him feel uneasy, he could feel the air turning sour, the alcohol in his system converting to acid, threatening to come up to his throat.

It was good that Rhaena arrived when she did to rescue him.

**

He didn't know how much time had passed since they entered the club- he hadn't bothered to check his phone- but pretty soon he found himself on the dance floor.

All his shyness, his self-consciousness was off on a long vacation as he moved about, his hands on Rhaena's waist-right at the hem of her shorts-as they giggled, laughed and danced to the addictive beats.

His sister was right when she said the fun hadn't even begun.

He barely felt like himself.

He felt free, undone, like there was nothing else that mattered in the world than this moment.

From his periphery, he could see Aemond boring holes into him as he stared at him shamelessly, never taking his eye off him as he sipped on gods know which number of drink he was on by this point.

He felt a strong hand on his shoulder and he didn't have to look back to see who it was.

"Can I steal him for a bit?!", Addam asked Rhaena from behind him, just loud enough so that his message would be conveyed

Rhaena wiggled her brows and surged forward to give him a chaste peck on the cheek, making him giggle at the realisation that her lipstick probably smeared his skin.

He didn't care, he probably looked like shit anyways.

"All yours."

Rhaena uncircled her arms as Addam pulled him back to another part of the dance floor.

He turned around, giving him his attention while never stopping the movement of his hips.

The alpha placed his hands on his waist and he took that as his cue to place his hands on his broad shoulders.

Addam gave him a grin, which he returned, but his attention was solely occupied by another alpha, one who was currently at the bar.

If looks could kill, then Aemond would have long put Lucerys six feet under.

"You look gorgeous, babe!", Addam shouted enough for him to hear, giving him even more encouragement to move his hips obscenely, "Gimme a turn."

The alpha turned his hand over his head, making him twirl, which he did giddily, coming back closer enough so that their bodies were touching wherever they could in the crowded space.

He could see his friend stop his dancing and just staring at him with a smile, looking like he was deeply pleased, though he couldn't figure out why.

“Do you want to kiss?”, Addam whispered in his ear, making his eyes widen.

“It doesn’t have to mean anything,” his friend clarified, his face flushed from the booze, “Just a kiss between friends to remember this night.”

He wondered if Aemond would react, he wondered if he would lash out.

It certainly seemed like he would.

And so, at an unknown hour of the night, Lucerys kissed Addam in a music filled club, full of sweat, pheromones and lost inhibitions.

It was nice, he had to admit, but it didn’t give him butterflies, it was just a kiss.

Nothing more, nothing less.

Addam placed a hand on the back of his head, while the hand on his waist circled to pull him closer as their lips devoured each other, moving with ease and gusto.

By the time it was done, Addam was as red as a tomato, despite his dark skin, looking like a cat who had got the cream.

He turned his head to the bar and Aemond was nowhere to be found.

So, he ran away at the sight.

Lucerys grinned.

Fucking coward.

**

After dancing for a little while, he retreated to the bathroom.

Rhaena had offered to come with him, but he denied her, it felt like a shame to pull her away when she was enjoying herself so much.

He washed his hands, looking at himself on the mirror.

And sure enough, he did look like a mess.

His curls were in complete disarray.

His skin had become oily, the make up was starting to give up.

As expected, there was a faint smear of the bright pink lipstick Rhaena was wearing on his cheek.

His own red lipstick was leaking out of the outlines of his lips, likely from the make out session he just had with his friend.

How unexpected, wild and very, very unlike him.

He couldn't help but smile.

He felt beautiful, glorious, euphoric.

The night turned out much better than he could have ever imagined, and he was so glad he gave in to the insistence of Addam.

He would remember this forever.

He took a deep breath, walking out to join his friends, hoping to conclude the night in Rhaena's apartment with the greasy pizza dinner she had promised him.

His steps were jolly as he made his way over to the loud music and the blinding lights, feeling lightheaded.

He was definitely drunk.

He looked around and couldn't catch sight of Addam or Rhaena no matter how much he looked at the dance floor.

Granted, there were a lot of people, but his friends always stood out.

It was quite a task as well, his vision was blurring, it was hard to focus.

He jolted and gasped when he felt foreign hands on both sides of his waist from behind.

He turned around quickly to see Aemond's friend-Dalton- smiling down at him, looking at him with lust in his eyes.

"Don't be afraid darling," he cooed, clearly drunk, "its just me."

He hated how those dark eyes looked everywhere but never made eye-contact, set firmly on the expanse of his chest.

He smiled, trying to lighten the mood, no matter how uneasy he felt.

"Handsy aren't we?", he placed his hands on top of the ones on his waist, attempting to get the offensive touch off, but the man didn't relent, gripping his skin tighter.

"You're looking for your friends, aren't you?"

That caught his attention.

He nodded.

“They’re in one of the private rooms, I just saw them go in,” Dalton finally took his hands off, “They’re in room number four if I’m right.”

It made sense, Addam did say that his brother had a private room that he could escape to in case he didn't enjoy himself

He nodded again, walking past him.

“Thanks.”

“Happy to help.”

He ignored the eagerness in the lecherous man’s voice, bee lining for the destination in question.

The doors to the private rooms were in a clean line in a thin hallway, there were a few couples against the walls, making out here and there.

He only stopped at room number four, like Dalton had told him, placing his hands on the knob and turning the door.

Which was quite the wrong decision, because as soon as he opened it, a wave of strong pheromones unlike anything he had ever felt before hit him all at once.

This was different than the rest of the club, it was concentrated, it made him feel like he could barely breathe.

He was clearly in the wrong room, he was about to close the door, turn without looking back.

But he stopped in his tracks once he saw who was inside.

It was clearly Aemond, but he didn’t seem okay.

There was a shattered glass by his feet, he was on his knees one of his hands on the sofas of the room, like he had lost his balance and attempted to brace himself, but failed.

His face was covered by the curtain of his hair as he looked down, his shoulders shaking.

Was he hurt?

He felt concerned; therefore, he walked in, despite the pheromones.

He only took one step inside when the door closed behind him with a click.

He wasn’t bothered, it was one of those doors which closed by itself, very necessary in places like these.

“Aemond?”, he called out carefully, stepping even closer, trying to peer at his face, to figure out what going on.

“Are you all right?”, he asked again, and the alpha heard him this time, his face slowly coming up to meet his eyes.

What he witnessed made his stomach churn, made a cold wave wash over him as goosebumps erupted everywhere on his skin.

He could feel the effects of the alcohol wearing off at an impressive rate as his eyes widened to a horrible realisation.

All his nerves turned cold like they had been frozen.

That sweat covered face.

Those eyes staring at him intently, like he was a piece of meat, not a human.

Those ragged breaths.

Those fucking pheromones which the whole room was surrounded in.

Those low growls.

He stepped back, a gasp escaping his lips before he could help it.

Amond was in rut.

He was in rut, and Lucerys was an omega.

And they were currently in a room together.

He was the prey, stuck with the predator.

Alone.

How the fuck does an alpha go into rut at a club?

It happened faster than he could anticipate, he dashed out, turning the knob at door, wanting to get out and run far, far away from there.

But the knob didn't turn, no matter how much strength he put into it.

He could only feel his panic increase, desperately hoping it would work.

Did these doors lock themselves? What the fuck?

His breathing became erratic, he had to find a way out, he had to get out of there, he was in danger, he wasn't sa-

“Stop!”

And suddenly, he could feel every muscle in his body freeze.

The strength left his body, the grip he had on the knob loosened, and he fell to his knees before he could help himself.

He knew what it was.

An alpha's command.

One which his whole nature was condemned to obey, no matter how much he didn't want to.

He didn't have a choice.

He had never personally experienced what it felt like-he had been lucky- he had only heard stories of what it felt like.

How helpless one felt in that moment.

He also knew it was illegal for an alpha to use their commands on omegas they weren't mated to, it would get them several years in jail and a permanent record.

Daemon had told him, educated him all about it.

That the laws were created to protect them from unfortunate situations.

But Daemon wasn't here.

Nor was the law.

He was an idiot.

He felt his jacket being grabbed from behind as Aemond practically threw him in the middle of the carpeted room, treating him like a rag doll.

He had only gained enough strength to move his finger tips.

It wasn't enough, not nearly enough as fingers dug into the holes of the mesh T-shirt he was wearing, pulling with impressive strength until the material was torn off, his chest now bare.

"N....o.....", his words weren't working, he couldn't speak.

He moved his hand, still weak and groggy as Aemond put his mouth over his chest, licking and running his tongue like he was a starved animal.

He put his hand on his shoulder and pushed, but it wasn't enough as he felt teeth near his nipple.

He let out a large cry as teeth sunk into nipple, merciless and deep enough that he *felt* his sensitive skin being torn apart.

He knew there would be marks, a circle of teeth around his nipple, created with brutality.

By now, he had gained enough strength to move his legs and push even more.

“NO!.....” he screamed once he felt those same teeth on his other nipple,
“No.....stop.....sto-AHH!”

But his pleas fell on deaf ears as he felt the same pain on his other nipple.

“Bas.....tard....”

Amond’s voice didn’t sound like himself, not at all, he could hardly make out what he was trying to say between his animalistic noises.

He finally managed to recover enough to push him off.

He got up, ignoring the pain and running for his dear life, but alas, even as he made it to the door, he barely had time to attempt to turn the knob once before fingers tangled in his hair from behind.

“Someone help me!”, he shouted desperately, hoping someone, *anyone* would hear him on the outside, get him out before it was too late.

He knew some of his curls were cleanly ripped off with how hard they were gripped.

Amond let out an angry growl, making him whimper before pulling his hair and smacking his forehead against the very door he had been trying to escape from.

The air was knocked out of his lungs in an instant.

His vision went blind from the force of the impact, he could barely keep his eyes open, feeling like he was going to lose consciousness.

Maybe it would be for the best, maybe he wouldn’t have to suffer this awake.

His eyes caught a hint of blood on the door.

His blood.

He could feel some of it dripping down the side of his face from where he had been hit.

The next time he regained enough of his senses, he was back on the ground, on his back.

His legs were spread wide as the alpha manhandled him, and the shorts and underwear covering his modesty were gone.

Amond had taken them off and he hadn’t even noticed.

“No.....please.....Don’t do this”, he whimpered out again, trying to appeal to the humanity in the alpha, trying to make him see reason.

But alas, there was no reasoning with the monster on top of him, who mercilessly shoved his cock inside his folds.

The scream he let out at that was ugly, and it did nothing to help with the pain he felt as he felt like he was being broken.

No care in Aemond's actions whatsoever as he started thrusting with reckless abandon.

He tried to thrash around, to get himself out, but the alpha held him down, a fierce grip of fingers digging into his flesh on his hips as he growled and salivated with each time he went inside him.

The stockings were torn-he realised in agony-he felt scratches of nails right on the sides of his thighs.

He could feel tears prick at the corner of his eyes.

He thought his first time would be with someone he loved, someone he cared about.

He thought it would be slow and tender, that the alpha he gave himself to would treat him gently, with both his actions and kind words.

That it would be a bed of roses, full of affection and mutual respect.

He whimpered with each thrust and screamed when the knot entered him forcefully through his opening which was neither prepared nor ready for it.

It was almost a relief when he felt that disgusting heat between his legs.

It would mean this was ending.

He was sure there was something torn, something broken.

Aemond put his whole weight on top of him as he laid down, fully sated as delirious sound escaped his throat while Lucerys stared at the ceiling with empty eyes.

The knot was locking them together, just a few minutes and he would be out.

Maybe he can forget about this, he wouldn't tell anyone.

No one will know.

He felt empty, hollow.

But all those hopes were crushed once again when he felt Aemond nuzzling at the sensitive gland on his neck, letting out a satisfied hum.

What?

“NO!”

He felt teeth there and his panic returned tenfold as he thrashed about again with newfound vigour, tangling his hands in silver hair to pull Aemond away.

This he could not let happen.

This *can't* happen.

No matter what.

Because there would be no going back from this. He could still make it out, salvage himself, but that won't happen if he bit him.

He couldn't let himself be claimed.

His heart beat wildly, he could feel his blood rushing, his chest heaved with how hard he was trying and straining himself.

But his strength was useless, it did nothing to budge the alpha, who still kept holding him down with unyielding strength.

He sobbed as his tears returned, helplessness coursing through his veins.

He attempted to move his head, but the alpha's large hand came to hold his chin, turning it to the side so that he could gain the access he would need to destroy his life.

“A-Aemond.....don't.....please.....” he choked out, still trying to get him off, but it didn't work.

In the end, he could only plead for mercy like a pathetic weakling.

“Please don't do this, please stop, please, please please-“

He let out an involuntary guttural sound from the back of his throat when he felt those teeth sink in, sealing his fate.

His toes curled, his back arched, his whole body trembled.

He felt the bond snap into place.

A bond he never wanted.

He sobbed again.

No one came to save him.

What did he do to deserve this?

Why did he wear clothes which could be taken off so easily?

Why did he ever come here in the first place.

He could feel his consciousness slipping after that.

Vaguely, he saw the door behind Aemond's shoulder open.

Somone came to help, but it was too late.

His eyes closed, making it the last memory of that wretched night.

**

When he woke up again, he was in a hospital bed.

His mother was beside him, holding his hand with a look of pure torment on her face.

He sat up as quickly as he could, letting out a whimper at the pain on his head and chest.

He was wounded.

As much as he hoped it was a bad dream, a nightmare, it was anything but.

He placed a hand on his neck, fingers coming in contact with the bandages around it.

The bite throbbed in pain as memories replayed in his mind-getting worse by each second-making him cry once again as he realised the reality of his situation.

He could hear his mother speaking kindly-thought he couldn't hear what she was saying-he could only feel her arms around him as she held him.

He held her back, like he was drowning.

He cried, screamed and wailed like anything.

His shouts must have pierced the skies.

“I told him to stop.....”, he sniffled, “I-I said stop.....he wouldn’t listen....”

There was no one to blame but himself.

He was destroyed, and it was all his own doing.

Lucerys learned that day, that there was no justice in this world.

Chapter 7

Lucerys meekly requested something from Aemond on a random night when they were having dinner.

A week had already passed since his custody was granted to his uncle and they had developed a tentative truce of sorts, a routine that the two of them had been content to fall into.

Aemond would almost never be there during the day, he had his classes to attend during the weekdays, some days he would come back early by the afternoon, but would almost always be back by the evening.

As far as he had seen, the alpha never really left at night to go out with his friends or hang around with anyone else.

Admittedly, he didn't know the frequency of just how much Aemond used to stay at home before he came to live with him, but the sight of him at the club always suggested that he enjoyed the occasional opportunity to let loose, as all university students did.

He wondered if his uncle had confined himself to his home as much as he could because Lucerys had been spending his days inside like a hermit, just eating, studying and keeping in contact with his family as they assured him everyday that they would try and appeal to the court, fight for his custody again.

He still hadn't decided if whether the fact gladdened him or brought him crushing dread.

He was completely divided in a way that he didn't like.

As much as he wanted to return to his family, he couldn't stand the thought of their pitying gazes or their fake smiles that they used to try and cheer him up. They weren't at fault, he knew that very well, but he simply didn't like it.

Not to mention the fact that his health-which had finally taken a turn for the better- would worsen as soon as distance is created between him and the alpha who was begrudgingly now his mate, no matter how much he wanted to deny that fact until his lungs gave out.

Another part of him didn't mind having to stay in this desolate sort of house. It strangely felt like a retreat of sorts, a getaway where the world kept turning, but there were no reminders to make him aware of his situation.

There was no chaos and only calm, which he appreciated more than he would like to admit.

"I have to go to school tomorrow.", He declared, making Aemond turn up his head from where it had been concentrated on his plate of food to meet his eyes.

"School?"

Lucerys nodded, taking a bite of the delicious fish the alpha had cooked up for them that night.

This too, had become a usual occurrence, Aemond would take it upon himself to prepare dinner every single night, no matter how tired or exhausted he looked when he came home from university sometimes.

He would be lying if some part of him did not feel spoiled and even preened at the care which was put into the food he consumed.

He almost felt guilty sometimes, but disregarded that emotion as soon as it came. It wasn't his choice to remain here, it was Aemond's, and if he was going to put effort into taking care of him, he wouldn't complain or feel bad about it.

"I have to submit an assignment," he clarified, "And I can't mail this one."

Aemond hummed.

"What time?"

Lucerys shrugged.

"Anytime between school timings is fine."

"I'll pick you up at three after my classes."

The timing was fine, but it worried him nonetheless, their classes ended at two, meaning there was a possibility that there would be students who would be still leaving the school by that time.

There were multiple clubs in their school, he himself had been a part of the debate team before his world turned upside down. The teacher in charge was extremely fond of him, of the cheeky way he presented his arguments and managed to outdo his seniors even on topics which were already a disadvantage for him.

He mourned the life he used to have, but he had no wish to go back to it.

The Lucerys Velaryon who belonged and fitted into that space no longer existed.

He took the last bite of his plate, leaving it squeaky clean.

"That's fine."

He stood up and placed his plate in the sink before crouching down to a meowing Vhagar and hauling her up into his arms as she nuzzled into his chest.

He resisted the urge to coo at her- there would be plenty of time for that in his room- and turned towards his uncle.

"Goodnight."

He made it halfway towards the stairs before Aemond's voice stopped him.

“Wait.”

He turned around to see the alpha shuffling on his feet and looking very unsure, which was definitely not a characteristic when it came to Aemond Targaryen.

He chose to ask the silent question with his expression instead of words, raising his brows at him.

His uncle took out something from the pocket of his sweats and held it out for him to take.

It was a small dropper bottle which contained a clear liquid.

He took it with careful hands while making sure he not to drop Vhagar with his remaining hand- the cat was surprisingly heavier than she initially looked.

“What's this?”, he finally asked when Aemond just kept standing there.

“Its oil made with my saliva,” he explained, and it finally made sense, “It should help heal.....” he chewed on his words, considering whether or not he wanted to say the rest.

Lucerys rolled his eyes, finding such level of consideration nothing but annoying. He wasn't a glass doll; some trigger words weren't going to break him apart.

“It's called a ‘bite’, uncle,” he informed with an mixture of ire and exhaustion, “You can call it that, since you were so kind to give it to me.”

He almost relished the way Aemond completely froze with his eye widened as much as he could while shock passed through his face, proceeding to then bite his lip and look at the ground like it was the most interesting thing ever.

“Goodnight, Lucerys.”

He didn't bid him good night again, choosing to ignore his presence completely and walk upstairs, keeping the furry and the small bottle close to him.

He knew that such a mixture couldn't be made within just a day. It was more than saliva turned into oil, there were multiple preservatives and other healing chemicals in it that he didn't care to pay attention to in his chemistry class.

He wondered if Aemond gave his sample of saliva when they visited the doctor a few days back.

It was entirely probable-considering how long he had spent in the doctor's office- and likely the only explanation as to how it was made.

He wondered if he should have thanked him, but pushed that thought away as soon as it came once he realised how ridiculous it was.

He sat on the ground as he always did before bed, and took off his patch. The bite wasn't nearly as bad as it had gotten when he lived with his family- swollen and painful- but it was still very much an open wound that had yet to settle down into a scar.

Because that was the closest he was going to get to recovering it.

He applied a few droplets of the oil, spreading it with his fingers, marvelling at how cool and light it felt against his skin. He could almost feel the skin healing in real time as the pain subsided.

The ointment he usually applied didn't even come close to the relief this provided him.

To think that the person who caused him pain was also the most capable of taking it away.

He took a deep breath, ignoring the irony of the situation, applying a fresh patch and making sure that his door was securely locked before going to bed.

Vhagar keeping close to him because the old lady loved being clingy as much as he did, if not more.

**

"Shall I make you lunch, sir?", Nettles, the housekeeper, asked him the next day as he sat on the sofa, waiting for Aemond.

Vhagar was sleeping peacefully beside him and he resisted the urge to touch her in order to not disturb her rest.

"Call me Luke," he insisted for the umpteenth time since he had made her acquaintance, "And no, I'm not hungry."

The girl was clearly his age, and another omega. She had a muted scent of wet soil and roses which brought him great comfort.

Not to mention she was extremely polite on the days she came, did her work as quickly as he could and walked out as if she was never there.

Very professional and serious.

He had his assignment placed securely in his lap, he had already prepared it a two days ago and had finally plucked up the courage to ask Aemond to drive him last night.

He was quite nervous at the prospect of going to back to school, albeit shortly.

He had considered texting or even calling Addam, but immediately realised that was a bad idea.

He doesn't know much, only bits from what Jace had told him when he insisted, and from what he had heard, Addam had been the one to break down the door of the room he had been

trapped in that night in the club, and he had also been the one who got Aemond off of him and punched him a few times while he was at it.

He hadn't been conscious to witness the scene itself, but he was sure that the collision between a protective alpha and an alpha in rut had to be bloody and ugly. The other people must have had quite the trouble pulling them off of each other.

But despite all that, he couldn't bring himself to contact him. he had ghosted his friend for months and his family had held Addam responsible for scheming the whole 'sneaking into a club' plan.

He doubted whether or not any attempt of his contact would be well received. He hated to lose his friend, but wouldn't blame or judge him for choosing to distance himself from this whole situation.

Because as reckless Addam's idea was, Lucerys knew he wasn't at fault for what he did, he never could have expected things to go down as they did.

A ring of his phone pulled him away from his thoughts.

It was a message from Aemond.

I'm outside.

He sighed before choosing not to reply to it and just walking out.

Once outside, the cold gusts of winds made cold seep into his skin. He was dressed warmly, his hoodie was oversized, but his hands were exposed all the same.

He dashed as fast as he could towards the car where Aemond was waiting, sitting inside and taking a deep breath before they drove off.

He rubbed his hands together to drive away the cold, exhaling his warm breath over them occasionally to trap the heat.

It wasn't particularly frosty inside the car, but he had a tendency to get cold easily these days. He supposed it was because of all the weight he had lost recently.

He saw Aemond move from his periphery and take off the leather gloves he had been wearing while never taking a hand off the wheel and wordlessly placing them in on top of the file in his lap while never taking his eyes off the road.

His brows furrowed in confusion.

Was he supposed to wear them?

“Oh, I don-“

“Just put them on, Lucerys.”

He simply huffed before complying, acutely aware of how warm the gloves were already, and how much he needed them.

They drove to his school in silence.

**

He took another deep breath once they parked outside his school.

It was the same building, nothing had changed, and yet it felt like an eternity had passed since he came here last.

The task seemed more daunting than ever.

“Should I come with?”, Amond asked in a soft tone when he made no move to get off.

Lucerys knew he would have to do this alone.

He shook his head.

“No need, I’ll be back in ten minutes.”

He finally bit the bullet and pulled up his hood to cover his hair and as much of his face as he could.

He was determined to get in and out as quickly as he could.

He opened the door and took heavy steps inside, straight towards the faculty where his teacher would no doubt be at this time of day.

There were a few students here and there, talking and laughing but thankfully they didn’t pay attention to him.

He envied at how cheerful and light-hearted their lives were, his was the same too, but he had never thought he would be pulled away from it as he did.

He simply kept his head down, clutching his assignment closer and walking on until he reached his destination.

He swallowed down his nervousness and knocked the door.

“Come in.”

The teacher-who had been busy with something on her computer- simply stared at him with wide eyes for a few seconds as he walked in.

It had been a while since he had seen her, but she seemed entirely unchanged, though he was well aware of the fact that majority of the adults in the school knew what had happened for him to stop attending his classes.

He didn't know if the students gossiped about his disappearance and simply hoped they didn't find him interesting enough to do so.

He desperately hoped it was the latter.

“Lucerys, my boy,” she immediately stood up and came over to place her hands on his shoulders, as if trying to confirm his presence, “How are you?”

He managed the best smile he could, though he hated how many times the question had been asked to him in the last two months, whether be it by his parents, siblings or his doctor.

“I’m fine, thank you,” he sighed and held out the file, the whole reason he was here, “I came here to submit this.”

“Oh, right,” she took the folder from him, placing it neatly on top of her desk before sitting back down, “Would you like to sit?”

He simply shook his head.

“I have to go, someone's waiting for me.”

She raised her brows.

“Your family?”

He simply nodded his head, it technically wasn't a lie, but he was sure the woman wasn't thinking of Aemond, but rather his parents or siblings.

“So, you’ve decided to get back to your studies?”, she inquired with hope in her tone, “Will you be returning to school?”

He simply shrugged, not knowing what the answer to that was himself.

“I don't know.”

The woman simply nodded her head in understanding.

“All right, keep up the good work, and know that I’m always here if you need to talk.”

“Thank you.”

He walked out room before the woman could question him even more, reaffirming that his hood was securely over his head.

He almost let out a breath of relief once he walked out and the view of Aemond's car became clear.

How good it was that he had managed to make it in and out uneventfully, he couldn't have been more grateful.

But that was proven wrong when a familiar voice from somewhere made him jerk his head.

“Luke?”

He looked to the side to see Addam standing there, clad in his football jersey, the exposed skin of his arms and legs shining due to the sheen of sweat he most likely would have accumulated during his sport.

He could feel his eye widen and his friend’s expression mirrored his own before he practically dashed over and pulled him into a bone crushing hug, his overwhelming scent combined with the sweat making him scrunch his nose.

Which was quite strange, since he never had any problems with it before.

He was almost glad when Addam pulled away, still keeping his hands firmly on his arms, which felt almost too tight.

“H-How are you?”, he asked with concern in his voice, “I’ve been trying to contact you for months, why wouldn’t you pick up the phone? Or answer my texts?”

He simply took a deep breath before answering his frantic line of questioning.

“I’m fine,” he repeated for the umpteenth time, “And I’m sorry for not answering my phone.”, he apologised sincerely.

Addam shook his head, distress clear on his face.

“Your family wouldn’t let me see you, and your brother told me you moved out the last time I went there, where have you been living all this time?”

He felt guilty at keeping his friend in the dark about everything, but was glad to see that he harboured no resentment towards him.

“Y-Yeah,” he decided there was no use lying to him, he wouldn’t let him go until he answered truthfully, “I’m living with Aemond now, the court handed over my custody to him.”, he explained, keeping his eyes downcast in equal parts shame and mortification.

Addam looked at him like he was speaking another language.

“*Aemond?*”, he confirmed with a horrified expression, “your uncle, Aemond?”

Lucerys nodded and he could feel his face contort in pain once the hands around his arms tightened in a too tight grip, he tried to squirm out of the grasp, feeling trapped and confined.

“Addam....”

“How could they do that?!”

The sudden loud noise made him jolt as he held back a whimper, he could make out Addam saying something more but he registered none of it as the ringing in his head kept getting louder and louder.

He could see some of the other students staring at them, he felt vulnerable, exposed, his hood had fallen down and he wanted nothing more than to run away from there.

He could feel his breathing become ragged as his vision blurred.

“L-Let me go....”, he almost begged, feeling like he could barely breathe with that scent around him.

But the grip around his arms didn’t relent, he thought he would collapse for sure, but thankfully that didn’t happen.

“Get away from him!”

He could feel himself being freed as Aemond’s silver hair came into view along with his voice full of anger. He pushed away Addam, standing in front of him and covering him with his own body in an instant, the scent of wood and pine enveloping him and making him feel at ease.

He could feel large hands cradle his face with a gentle touch as the lone violet eye peered at him with concern.

“Lucerys? Are you okay?”

He still hadn’t found his voice, and finally decided to give in, leaning in and placing his head on Aemond’s chest, taking deep breaths as he felt his back being rubbed, the scent invading his senses and returning the air to his lungs as his vision finally cleared.

“I’m fine, just get me out of here.”, he begged, not wanting to be there any moment longer.

Aemond kept his arm around him, guiding him to the car while giving Addam a nasty glare, who watched the whole scene in shock.

The car door opened for him and he could practically feel himself being put in his seat as Aemond supported him.

He closed his eyes, sinking back into the leather as the car drove off.

“Do you need something?”, Aemond asked beside him and he shook his head, still reeling from whatever just happened.

He rubbed his face, opening his eyes to see the alpha beside him stealing glances at him which he ignored.

He brought his hands, or more specifically his gloves, closer to his face, Aemond’s scent was still concentrated in them as he breathed it in like he needed air.

The rest of the drive back home was done in silence.

He had mixed feelings about the whole thing.

Not a complete success, but not a complete victory either.

NOT AN UPDATE

Sorry guys, this isn't an update, but I've been thinking about this story for some days now and there's no use prolonging everything, I'm going to make a decision within the next 24 hours about whether or not I'm going to delete this, but I really need your opinions, because:

1. This is NOT a rape fantasy (do let me know if it came across that way and I'll delete it without a second thought, because I clearly conveyed the wrong thing with my writing)
2. This isn't a lovey dovey fluffy fic, it deals with important issues, issues that are very heavy, which is why I spent an unholy amount of time tagging everything cause the point of them is to make sure people can avoid topics they don't like(or can't read) or search for a story that suits them.
3. This is NOT meant to convey that I support rape or assault in form or way in real life.

What this story IS about is two people who have found themselves in a less than ideal situation and are trying to work through it despite their circumstances.

Like I have read plenty of A/B/O fics and I know by now that the rules of the real world don't apply to this universe, but I'm not on a mission to change one of my characters into a sex doll(like I would have tagged it as a dead dove if that was the case)

But if its not coming across that way, then clearly I failed and this story needs the boot.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!